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DECEMBER 1940

The American Mercury

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME LI

NUMBER 204

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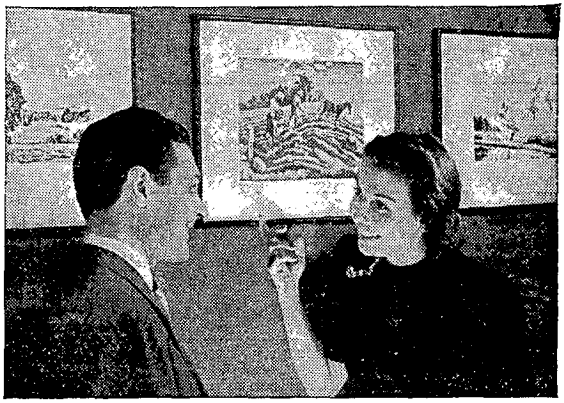

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State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, Notary Public in and for the State and county afo personally appeared Joseph W. Ferman, who, h been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says th he is the Business Manager of *The American Mercury* that the following is, to the best of his knowledge belief, a true statement of the ownership, ma etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in t above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in sect 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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2. That the owners are: The American Mercury, Inc Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Josep W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Eugene Lyon 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Mildred Falk, 570 L Ave., N. Y.

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VOLUME LI DECEMBER, 1940 NUMBER 204

The American
MERCURY

This article and the one that follows — by Herbert Agar — were written independently and are not a formal "debate." They are significant, however, as powerful statements of the two main trends of opinion among thinking Americans in relation to the expanding World War II. Both writers are deeply American, equally horrified by the totalitarian way of life, and liberals in their general cast of mind. — ED.

WAR — SHORTCUT TO FASCISM

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

NEVER in history has liberalism been in such peril of total eclipse as at the present time. By liberalism — for many intellectual crimes have been committed in its name — I understand a system under which there is freedom of elections, of speech and press, of trade-union and professional organization. I understand a system under which the individual has genuine legal safeguards against the arbitrary violence of the state.

Liberalism in this sense has been almost completely blotted out on the European continent. All Europe is directly or indirectly under the power of the German, the Soviet and the Italian dictatorships, to all of which the whole credo of liberalism is anathema. The collapse of France was the last resounding crash in the decline and fall of European liberal civilization. England, the classical stronghold of liberalism, with perhaps the best record of any nation as regards the systematic toleration of

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unpopular dissenting opinion, is fighting the most desperate battle of its long history, faced by an enemy more formidable than Philip II or Louis XIV or Napoleon.

The dilemma of the liberal in America, the sole large country with a predominantly liberal political and intellectual tradition still outside the battle, is a difficult, if not an insoluble one. It can, I believe, be briefly summed up in the following paradoxical question: Is it possible to resist the totalitarian onslaught without going totalitarian in the process?

I consider myself a reasonably consistent liberal. I detest both the communist and the fascist forms of the challenge to individualist civilization with all my heart. As a result of firsthand observation in the Soviet Union and in the Third Reich I was one of the first writers to emphasize the essential likeness between Stalinism and Hitlerism at a time when many self-styled liberals were extolling the Soviet dictatorship as an advanced form of humanitarian democracy. I have no illusions as to the dark night that would descend on liberal ideals all over the world, as to the iron age which America itself would face, if England should fall. So, on returning to America after living through the downfall of France, I could understand and to some extent share some of the strongly marked trends in the evolution of American public opinion during these months.

Aid to England by measures short of war and with regard for the vital necessities of America's own defense? Yes. Strengthening of America's own defenses to a point calculated to assure the security of the American continent against hostile attack? Certainly. But, just because I care about liberalism as a way of life, just because I cherish America not as a geographical expression, but as one of the last citadels of freedom, I am depressed by the many preliminary indications that an alleged anti-fascist crusade is far and away the most probable route to the establishment of some kind of fascism in America.

There has been one object lesson in this connection that should not be forgotten. When did America most resemble a fascist state? The answer may sound ironical; but I don't think it is open to factual dispute. It was when we were engaged in our great crusade to make the world safe for democracy. Nazi judges and Nazi guards in concentration camps would certainly voice guttural approval of some of the twenty-year sentences

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meted out to war critics, of the sadistic brutality which mobs and prison officials practiced against IWWs, conscientious objectors and other dissidents. Living in Russia, I felt that there was something reminiscent about the amiable habit of the official Soviet writers' organization of denouncing any author suspected of deviating from the ever narrower path of communist orthodoxy. Why, of course, there was that organization of American writers during the World War who called themselves the Vigilantes and constituted themselves censors of un-Americanism and zealous, if amateurish spy-hunters.

And can one remember without weary disgust those ministers of the Lord who went stumping up and down the country, shouting "God DAMN the Kaiser," and hastily assuring their audiences that they weren't swearing? Or those rural bankers who combined patriotism with profit by forcing "Liberty Bonds" on more or less willing customers to an accompaniment of four-minute orations on the manifold wickednesses of the Hun? The approved climax of these talks was: "And I'd compare the Huns to snakes, only it would be insulting the snakes." And there was Pittsburgh, proving its martial fervor by "banning Beethoven."

Weren't all these familiar American wartime phenomena painfully suggestive of the everyday routine of life in the modern fascist or communist state? And some of the immediate postwar developments were equally disquieting. Seattle experienced a local Führer named Ole Hansen, who, on closing down the headquarters of a labor organization which he didn't like, gleefully announced: "We didn't have any law, and we didn't need any. We used nails." Another local hero of the time was one Arthur Guy Empey, who gathered some ex-soldier hoodlums and started a chase for "Reds" in the best style of Blackshirts and Brownshirts. Certain local units of the American Legion acted very much like Fascist Squadristi in putting unruly labor in its place and it is no accident that the Ku Klux Klan enjoyed one of its most flourishing periods immediately after the war.

II

America, at the moment of writing, is not yet at war; but there is every indication that the destruction of liberty which was so pronounced during the last war will be equally characteristic of the next one. The term "fifth columnist" is thrown about as a general epithet of abuse.

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Recently I listened on the radio to an outburst by a magazine editor; in the name of democracy he was proposing to suppress the whole foreign language press and to give the Federal officials "any laws they needed" to track down seditionists. That was just what Hitler wanted and took in 1933. I see no reason to believe that the results would be any more pleasing in America than they have been in Germany. To one who, like the writer, is familiar with the mentality and formulas of public prosecutors under dictatorships, there is an ominous ring in a recent statement by J. Edgar Hoover, of the FBI:

> The time is rapidly approaching when as a nation we must choose between the welfare of the great masses of Americans and a few interlopers who hide behind the Bill of Rights while they undermine the nation.

In the Soviet Union, in Germany and in Italy there is, of course, no Bill of Rights behind which to hide. But this fancied opposition between the interests of "the great masses of the people" and those of a few troublesome critics has been invoked as justification for all the terrorism in Europe today. This question of freedom of speech and press and opinion is not so simple for the liberal now as it would have been five years ago. Voltaire himself might have been a little hesitant about defending the "civil liberties" of some ultra-reactionary aristocrat or priest who made no secret of his intention, on obtaining power, to liquidate Voltaire and all his works. My own attitude on this question is dictated not by pure dogma, but by what seem to me the pragmatic teachings of experience.

Repression and intolerance are a source of strength to a totalitarian state. They are a source of weakness, of internal poisoning, to a democracy. Look at the practical example of France and England. Whatever the French may have neglected in the matter of war preparation, they did not neglect censoring, as the extensive white spaces in their newspapers testified. They jammed German radio broadcasts; they suppressed opposition newspapers; they slashed the cables of foreign correspondents; they concealed the magnitude of the defeat to such a degree that the final capitulation came as a shock to the man on the street. England has systematically published German communiqués in its newspapers, lets anyone listen in on German radio broadcasts, has maintained a civil liberties record in the midst of a

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grim life-and-death struggle. No one certainly will say that England, with its relative freedom, has made a worse war showing in actual war than France with its repression.

I believe the danger to American democracy of permitting home-grown communists and fascists to express their views freely, subject only to the restrictions of the ordinary laws against libel and incitement to disorder, is very much less than the danger that would be implicit in launching a campaign of arbitrary repression. Such a campaign, by its very nature, knows no limit. What might begin as a process of cracking down on fascists and communists would soon become a witch-hunt against all isolationists and pacifists and would almost certainly end in the establishment of the totalitarian theory that the Administration can do no wrong.

The ugly combination of profiteering and intellectual repression, so characteristic of America during the World War, is again raising its head. It was accidental, but highly significant that the same issue of the New York *Times* which published the Venerable Butler's warning to all Columbia professors to accept his views or get out also printed on its financial page the following note: "A long war would be bullish for securities; and traders now apparently expect just such a state of affairs." And I was frankly shocked at the public pronouncement of a number of clergymen and educators against sending food to the occupied countries of Europe. There is good Scriptural warrant for feeding one's enemies and in this case it was a question of feeding people whose only fault was that they were not strong enough to withstand the German invasion.

III

In these times one scarcely needs to be reminded that it takes two to make peace and that a nation may be forced to choose between the alternatives of war and submission. In such a case liberals, except for a minority of nonresistant pacifists, would choose the first alternative. But there is a far greater danger that America will drift or blunder into war as a result of a disastrously belated access of the bellicose spirit, of a stretching of the conception of American security to include such remote parts of the world as Singapore and the Dutch East Indies and Dakar.

The risks of avoidable war, from the standpoint of maintaining liberalism, should be clearly recog-

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nized and stated. Here, I think, there has been a deplorable failure on the part of the majority of American liberals, including some who had an honorable record of critical skepticism in regard to the last war. It is perhaps the same loss of the essential liberal faith in the value and dignity of the individual personality that prompted such a widespread acceptance of the Soviet dictatorship in "liberal" circles a few years ago that accounts for the myopic indifference of these circles to the dangers of involvement in war.

The three brutalitarian systems which have spread their sway over Europe originated in the first World War. There is no agency for revolutionary upheaval remotely comparable in efficacy with war. All the teaching of recent history points eloquently to the fact that there is no surer recipe for rapid and violent change, and change in an anti-liberal direction, than participation in war, with the suffering and dislocation which this involves and the consequent predisposition of large masses of people to take short cuts to some Utopian mirage. A good many liberals sinned and repented in regard to America's entrance into the World War. They sinned and repented in regard to the Soviet Union. Now they are sinning again insofar as they are urging measures which are reasonably certain to bring the United States into war. But this time it is doubtful whether they will have any chance to repent.

Must the American liberal remain impaled on the two horns of the dilemma, divided between the recognition of the need for greater national defense in a world where protective balances of power have broken down and naked conquest and power politics are rampant, and the perception that war carries with it every probability of the destruction from within of the very liberalism in the name of which the war would be waged? I am not prepared to say with certainty that there is a satisfactory solution of this dilemma. It may be that liberalism is doomed, whichever alternative it may choose, that the world is entering on a much lower cycle of civilization. Yet before giving up the problem as quite hopeless, one should at least try to consider whether there may not be some rational middle course between the illusion of complete unpreparedness, which would expose American democracy to the danger of being crushed from without, and the illusion of turning the country into a huge barracks, in which democracy would just as

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certainly perish from within. Maybe there is a difference between a German Gauleiter or Oberführer and a Grand Exalted Cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan or some other home-grown type of bully and boss. But the difference is not great enough to be reassuring.

There should be much clearer thinking about the nature of war, about what it can and what it cannot be reasonably expected to achieve. On this subject an appalling amount of muddled and confused thinking has been finding expression. Is America arming to defend itself and adjacent parts of the continent against possible invasion? Or to restore integrally the map of Europe as it existed before September 1, 1939, or the map of Asia as it was before Japan conquered Manchuria? Or to go on a holy crusade against the totalitarian form of state wherever it may exist? Or as an antidote (certainly a quack antidote) to the failure of our economic system to solve the problems of unemployment and of poverty in the midst of plenty? Or, perish the thought, because, in the words of the *Times*, "a long war will be bullish for securities"?

There is a general failure in America to distinguish between two aspects of the totalitarian revolution which has swept over Europe and East Asia. In this revolution there is an element of forceful conquest that must be resisted if it ever directs itself against the American continent. But there is also an element of social and economic change which cannot be effectively opposed by force of arms. No one has been more consistently critical than the present writer of the totalitarian systems. Yet it seems fantastic to me to believe that one can bomb, shoot, torpedo and starve Russians, Germans, Italians and Japanese into being good individualistic democrats. Force can and must be met by force. But ideas, however mistaken, which have caused revolutionary changes in the internal social and economic structure of a large nation cannot be crushed by violence applied from the outside. If, for different reasons and in different ways, Germany, the Soviet Union, Italy and Japan have all virtually nationalized their foreign trade it is scarcely feasible for the United States to force them to denationalize it. Special governmental measures may be necessary to meet particular cases; but our best hope is to prove in competition that our economic system is superior to those of the dictatorships.

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IV

As part of the general campaign for the inevitability, if not desirability, of American participation in the present war there has been a surfeit of predictions of calamity as a result of German methods of state-controlled foreign trade. In the same way a few years ago sensational newspapermen made much ado about the "Red trade menace" of the Soviet Union, which was expected to conquer all the markets of the world and to reduce the capitalist states to bankruptcy. An extreme example of hysteria in connection with possible future trade with Germany recently appeared in an editorial in a leading New York newspaper. Referring to Germany, it said:

> Can we make treaties with such a power? Can we compromise murder and slavery on a territorial basis? Can we buy from a slave power, sell to it, travel in its territories, welcome its besotted admirers in our own land? If we ourselves propose to keep our freedom and our honor we cannot.

It might be a pertinent comment on these rhetorical questions that we have been doing all these things with another "slave power," the Soviet Union, without visibly impairing either our freedom or our honor.

There could be no surer prelude to national disaster and to the establishment of some kind of totalitarian dictatorship in America than to adopt, consciously or unconsciously, a foreign policy which would impose on us the obligation to overthrow every totalitarian regime in the world. This would mean war with some four hundred million people, all more systematically trained in military affairs than we are. Even if the war should assume only the form of commercial nonintercourse, the impact on the sensitive individualist economy of the United States would be more destructive in all probability than the effect on the more rigidly disciplined economies of the dictatorships.

The example of France should be a solemn warning against pitching foreign policy in a key higher than the majority of the people wish to follow. Defense of the United States and of the American continent is a policy on which the substantial majority of Americans are agreed. Crusading into Europe or Asia, despite all the highly organized articulate publicity in favor of such a course, is profoundly suspect to a large minority, probably to a majority of the people. A very similar situation existed in France last year, on the eve of the outbreak of the war. All French-

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men, except for a few extremists or actual German agents, would have fought wholeheartedly for the frontiers of their own country. But many Frenchmen were averse to fighting on an East-European issue. To quote a phrase that was much used, they did not wish to "die for Danzig." Pushed into war on an unpopular issue, the French people soon lost their morale, with the disastrous results that were evident in May and June.

I hope I shall never see America in the same state of pitiful collapse in which I left France, or, for the same reason, an unwise decision of the government to embark on an avoidable war for which the country was not properly prepared, either materially or psychologically. How many Americans, on a referendum vote, would wish to die for the Dutch East Indies, for Singapore, for Siam or Senegal?

It has become fashionable during the last few months to uphold the thesis that the security of the American continent cannot be maintained unless the United States has a grip on large sections of Asia and Africa. One publicist or military expert clamors for Dakar, another for the Azores, still another for the Dutch East Indies and I am anticipating the day when the possession of Tibet and Afghanistan will be represented as vitally necessary to the security of Kansas and Nebraska. There is no logical end to this elastic conception of "security" short of the conquest of the whole world. What makes me skeptical about the validity of this wave of expansionism is the large number of books, written in years when American thought on world affairs was calmer and more coolheaded, which uphold the general thesis that a firm American grip on the islands of the Caribbean and a holding of the Alaska-Hawaii line in the Pacific would insure America against attack from either Europe or Asia.

Those Americans who believe in a liberal, democratic, individualist way of life face extremely difficult problems and decisions in a world which is increasingly ruled by totalitarian armed force. On the one hand there must be quick, efficient preparation to meet the physical menace of such force. I could wish that the American record for the last years could show more airplanes and tanks, and men who know how to use them, and fewer intemperate alarmist speeches and vague dangerous commitments to action in remote parts of the world. On the other hand, war is far and away the surest and swiftest means of bringing to America

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all the essential characteristic features of the totalitarian state: universal regimentation, hysterical intolerance, physical and intellectual goose-stepping. War, moreover, whatever hectic flush of inflation it may bring in the beginning, can only deepen and aggravate our economic problems in the long run and set back constructive social progress indefinitely.

Liberal strategy, therefore, should be to see to it that war does not take place unless it is clearly unavoidable, in other words, unless there is a direct military attack against the American continent. The greatest and most irretrievable error into which American liberalism could fall today would be to be lured into supporting another crusade, another aggressive war in Europe, or Asia, or both, prompted by a general dislike of the totalitarian idea and by the pathetic illusion that all the broken pieces of Europe, Asia and Africa could be neatly put back in place by means of such a war.

It is the Randolph Bournes, not the Walter Lippmanns, who were vindicated by the results of the Wilsonian experiment in utilizing war to promote the realization of such ideals as international co-operation and self-determination of peoples. Ends cannot be divorced from means. Such a brutal and irrational means as war can lead only to brutal and irrational results. To believe that America will contribute to a better world order by participating in war is on a par with the illusion of believing that the Soviet Union will achieve a desirable and humane social order by the systematic use of executions, deportations, universal espionage and terrorism.

It is a familiar teaching of history that men learn nothing from the observation of the past. Yet America's experience in the World War is surely recent enough to afford some useful guidance. The Dead Sea fruits of America's first crusade to make the world safe for democracy were communism and fascism. A second crusade, which would have to be on a much larger scale because America would have fewer allies, could have, I think, only one certain result: the definite and perhaps permanent disappearance of liberalism in America.

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THE WAR IS WORTH FIGHTING!

By Herbert Agar

In his remarkable book, *All Out!*, Samuel Grafton writes:

> It becomes necessary for the sake of social sanity to make sure, whenever fascism "defeats democracy," that it is actually democracy that has been defeated and not some parody of democracy, with many of its faults and few of its liberating virtues.

Democracy has not been proved wanting; but we who inherited democracy have failed to serve it and to keep it strong. Because of our failure Hitler became an historical necessity. He had to happen. Our pretentiousness and our unjust pride had to be challenged. No civilization could long survive the mounting cynicism of the postwar decades. No people could go on pretending that the Hardings and Coolidges, or the Baldwins and MacDonalds, or the dreary sequence of indistinguishable Frenchmen, were fit leaders of a noble cause. Either the cause was worthless, or we who professed it were unworthy.

Hitler believes the cause itself is fraudulent. He thinks the talk of freedom and dignity is mere window-dressing for a passing phase of the industrial revolution, that the time has come to put such childish tales aside and to proclaim the ancient law of mastery and slavery. He has made a shrewd appraisal of our weaknesses, our negligence, our sloth. We must do him the honor not only of admitting his necessity, but of measuring the scope of his imagination. Unless we can see further and deeper than Hitler we shall be defeated by him.

At a time when Americans were still babbling about "normalcy," still dreaming of a return to the vices and virtues of the perished nineteenth century, Hitler proclaimed that a cycle of history had come to an end and that the next cycle would be made to Nazi blueprints. He was right in saying that one period was ended; but he may have been wrong in defining the nature of that period. He thinks it is the age of freedom that has passed forever. We think — and this is why the war is worth fighting — that what has passed is the age in which the friends of freedom

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were content to betray her. Hitler despises us. He sees in us the last and most perfect representatives of his "pluto-democracies." He thinks we are corrupt from the bones out, incapable of serving a cause nobly. Therefore, he plans to destroy us. He believes it can be done by playing on our disunity and economic chaos, without wasting a Pomeranian Grenadier on people so "racially" confused. He has announced again and again that our hemisphere, too, must come into his world-system.

The great question of today is whether Hitler is right about our ignominy and our weakness. Can we rise and unite ourselves as the British did, and become the second people to fool Hitler? Are we capable of making two fights at the same time: the fight at home to show that democracy is not a hoax, and the fight abroad to insure that Hitler does not win the oceans of the world? Without the first fight we shall not have heart for the second. Without the second fight, we shall not have time for the first.

Our struggle to give the necessary aid to Britain is essentially a struggle for time, for a second chance for democracy here and abroad. If we do not win that second chance we shall go down because of our past sins. All German efforts in this country, therefore, are directed toward persuading us not to take the trouble to win the second chance, not to help England effectively or in time, not to see the death that threatens us.

The first argument of those who would lull us to destruction is that democracy, in seeking to resist totalitarianism by arms, must itself become totalitarian. Over and over we are told that the surest road to fascism in America is for our country to fight a war against fascism. The stories of France and England contradict this argument. Ever since the war began in earnest, England has grown steadily more democratic. A revolution has taken place in the hearts of her people. No one could have foreseen so vast a change in so short a time. The miracle imagined by Chesterton in one of his noblest poems has come to pass:

> Smile at us, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget.
> For we are the people of England, that never have spoken yet. . . .
> There are no folk in the whole world so helpless or so wise.
> There is hunger in our bellies, there is laughter in our eyes;
> You laugh at us and love us, both mugs and eyes are wet;
> Only you do not know us. For we have not spoken yet.

They have spoken at last, the

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people of England. They have made this war a people's war, for freedom and for the dignity of the unknown men "so helpless and so wise." They have pushed the important and stupid men aside and have found their wanted leaders, and they are now eager to fight. This growing democracy is shown politically in the new dignity of Parliament and in a National Government that is truly national; it is shown economically in the emergency power the Government uses over property as well as over the lives of willing men; it is shown spiritually in a comradeship that has not previously been seen in the half-feudal British Isles.

The story of France is also unsatisfying for those who seek to prove that war kills democracy. France is fascist today not because she fought the war but because she did not fight the war. Her people, who are democrats, were prevented from fighting the war by leaders who were fascist at heart before the war began. It is almost true that the plain people of France were prevented from knowing about the war — the real war, as opposed to the war reported in the muzzled French press. As Mr. Grafton writes:

> The censorship was used to create a false France for popular consumption, a France that was "safe" from the enemy without having to spend its substance to win safety, a France whose Maginot Line was complete in the newspapers, if hardly begun along the Belgian frontier, a France which had (so the censored press proclaimed) even won the favor of Italy. . . . On March 8, 1940, the *Times* of London was to report solemnly that "French military opinion" had come to the conclusion that there would be no German spring offensive because "any German advantage in the air is badly offset by a disadvantage in tanks and the two must go hand in hand." The French people were induced by their government to live in a dream world in which Nazis had no tanks.

France has become fascist because the French people were not allowed to fight for freedom. England has risen to such heights that these days will be known forever as her bravest days, because there was enough freedom in England, enough civil liberty, so that her people could not be kept from knowing that the hour of decision had come. The plain man, who "had not spoken yet" when Chesterton wrote, was given a chance to speak before the silence of totalitarian night could be imposed upon him for Hitler's thousand years. And the plain man spoke for freedom. There has been no people's cause like this in England since King Alfred went among his Wessex peasants asking

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them not to submit to the pagan Dane:

> Out of the mouth of the Mother of God,
> Like a little word come I;
> For I go gathering Christian men
> From sunken paving and ford and fen,
> To die in a battle, God knows when,
> By God, but I know why.

The whole story is in those last four words: "but I know why." When the people "know why," it becomes the people's war, and the people will not quit. If their stupid leaders have given them no better defences than half-built Maginot Lines, or shrunken oceans, the people may be defeated. But so long as they "know why," they will die fighting, and therefore their cause will be reborn. The only cause that dies forever is the cause that no man is willing to defend.

In the last war the people were told why; but in the postwar days the telling was forgotten. In that war, too, the people believed that freedom must be defended, and because they believed they died generously. But those who lived, whose task it was to go on serving freedom after the last gun had spoken, did not remember that all good things are threatened every day and must be rewon with every sunrise. We, the survivors, behaved as if freedom had been conquered once and for all in the mud of Flanders. Before the fighters were demobilized from our Army and Navy, America had betrayed the fight, refused the obligations for which our friends had died. The moral of the story is not that all wars are useless, but that peace is a struggle as exigent as war.

II

Out of the betrayal of 1919 came the great heresy of the twenties: the story told and retold by professors and journalists that "war settles nothing." This is the second argument used today by those who would soothe America into her grave.

It is true that war does not turn bad men into good. Virtue cannot be conquered on the battlefield, and carted home like the enslaved women of Troy. It was a childish notion that by winning a war (and thereafter doing nothing) we could make the world safe for democracy. It was not a childish notion that democracy must perish unless we won the war.

Democracy has perished anyway, over most of the earth's surface. That is not because the war was futile; it is because the postwar days were sinful. By winning the war we earned a chance to make democracy prevail, to build the

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"world fit for heroes" of which the loud-mouthed Lloyd George boasted. We did not take the chance. That is not the fault of the war. It is the fault of the people who survived the war, who did not see life seriously, who thought the joyful orgy of armistice day could be prolonged year after distasteful year.

If we had remembered why we fought, if we had realized the pit of horror that lies under our half-built civilization, we would have served the peace with the same devotion that we gave the war. Because we did not do so, Hitler was an historical necessity. Because Hitler, the result of our sins, now straddles the world like a colossus, we must win a second war. By winning it we give ourselves a second chance to live up to our pretensions. Nobody can prove that we will take the chance. But Hitler has shown us, as the Kaiser's Germany never did, the full ugliness of the alternative.

It is ironic that Americans, of all people, should be beguiled by the theory that war settles nothing. War gave us the chance to leave the British Empire. We took the chance and made use of it. War gave us the chance to acquire the Mexican Empire. We took the chance and made use of it. War gave the North the chance to erase the slave-civilization of the South and to impose the banking and the tariff systems that suited the new industrialism. The North took the chance and made use of it. War gave us the chance in 1918 to work our hearts out for a better world for man. We neglected the chance and lost it. The record does not prove that war settles nothing. It proves that war settles exactly what it is intended to settle. *It settles who is to have charge of the immediate future.* The war-won opportunity is often thrown away; but one thing we know — if Hitler wins he will not miss his chance.

Today's war will decide whether the twentieth century belongs to the Nazis or to the people who still dare aspire to freedom. Whoever tells us that all wars destroy freedom, is helping Hitler's fight. Whoever tells us that no wars decide anything, is repeating a troublesome lie.

III

The third delusive argument is that even if wars do settle certain types of problems they cannot call a halt to revolutionary change. No revolution, the story runs, has ever been crushed by violence. So the world-revolution that is Hitlerism

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must run its course, and can only be exacerbated by attempts to resist it. The conclusion seems to be that if you want to keep your neighbor from stealing your territory, war may be the appropriate method; but if you want to keep him from murdering your institutions and debauching the soul of your civilization, the best thing to do is nothing.

Hitler himself has written the answer to this. In *Mein Kampf* he tells us that a movement such as his own can be checked by force "only if the physical weapons are at the same time the harbingers of a new explosive Idea. . . . Each attempt to fight a philosophy of life by means of violence comes to grief in the end if the struggle does not take the form of aggression for a new spiritual point of view."

This explains why revolutions in the past have seldom been crushed by force. They have been revolutions against some evil in society. The force used against them has been the force of repression and inertia. It has not been at the service of a "new explosive Idea" but of an old and partially discredited system. With all their attendant evils, therefore, revolutions have for the most part run their course; the attempt to suppress them by arms has been a failure. But these truisms have no bearing on the world today — unless we are prepared to admit with Hitler that democracy and freedom, the concepts of brotherhood and the expanding rule of reason, have lost their vitality. This is not the American idea. What has happened, we insist, is that the ideals of our forefathers have been partially betrayed by ourselves and must now be rehabilitated. That does not mean we must watch, unhappily but meekly, while they are murdered.

The Hitler-revolution is not a revolution against old and worthless institutions. It is a revolution against the principles of life and sanity, against the ancient dream of man which has always been betrayed but never forgotten. That dream came closer to fulfilment in the modern world than for long ages. At the moment when we might have grasped it and made it real our will slackened and we gave ourselves to a vulgar pleasure in "prosperity." We thought we could come back to our ideals later. Hitler has exposed the hollowness of that thought. But Hitler does not tell us to repent and return to our ideals. He tells us that our ideals are moonshine and that the meaning of life is slavery and oppression. His revolution is against

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all that is good in life, *and therefore it can be resisted by force.*

We can meet his terms. We can provide the "explosive Idea," the philosophy of life without which no great movement such as Naziism can be faced. We have the most "explosive Idea" the world has known. If we are willing to serve it zealously it can reconquer all the lost lands, because it has proved itself the idea that men desire. But we must have time, and Hitler does not intend to give us time. There is no way to win time except by insuring the defeat of Hitler.

It is not true that war must kill democracy. Ours was born in war, and England's is renewed in war today. It is not true that war settles nothing; it settles who is to make the institutions of the age. It is not true that a revolution of nihilism cannot be met by force. And above all it is not true that America can keep her soul if she stands idly and watches the world rot.

We have sought to be cool and detached about this war. We have "kept our heads" by refusing to use them, and we have kept our hearts the same way. We have tried to deny all knowledge that might lead to passion or pity, by calling it "propaganda." Everything is "propaganda" which hurts, which stirs, which is dangerous. This leads to the outrageous deduction that "truth" must be harmless, impotent, epicene. "Propaganda" gets people into far-off trouble; "truth" keeps them at home, happy and unthreatened. If this is what is meant by keeping our heads, the question arises whether such heads are worth having.

Is there not pardon for the brave
And broad release above,
Who lost their heads for liberty
Or lost their hearts for love?
Or is the wise man wise indeed
Whom larger thoughts keep whole,
Who sees life equal like a chart,
Made strong to play the saner part,
And keep his head and keep his heart,
And only lose his soul?

NEW DOGS — BUT OLD TRICKS

By Plutarch

Lysander . . . seemed cunning and subtle, managing most things in war by deceit, extolling what was just when it was profitable, and when it was not, using that which was convenient, instead of that which was good; and not judging truth to be in nature better than falsehood.

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▶ *If they know the ropes, even* ***uninvited*** *tourists can get by.*

A BUM'S GUIDE TO LOS ANGELES

By Tom Griswold

The Chamber of Commerce last year spent $350,000 to lure tourists to Los Angeles and Southern California; the All-Year Club forked out an equivalent sum and scores of other organizations, private and public, did their share. Dozens of agencies, from the Chamber itself to Cherrie's Escorts ("every girl an oomph girl") stand ready to guide the visitors through the haunts of culture, health or sin. Nothing in this elaborate set-up is of the slightest use, however, to fully a third of the out-of-staters who accept the magniloquent invitations. They are the boys who've bummed a ride in someone else's car or dropped off a Southern Pacific freight with empty pockets, a three days' beard and belts drawn up to the last notch. Where are they to turn for information on the best spot for a free flop and a bowl of beans? Since the tourist literature is silent, this article attempts to fill the gap in a sketchy way.

If you have come in on the blinds, you are probably a bit travel-stained and hence fair prey for the first squad of rag-pickers (as the police vagrancy squads are familiarly known) that spots you. Your first problem is a little valet service. Make for the Midnight Rescue Mission at Fourth and Los Angeles Streets. List your needs with the bored chap at the desk and you will be provided with the following: a shower, a haircut and shave, a shoeshine, a chance to wash and press your clothes and substitute clothes while yours are drying. You can get these services also at the Union Rescue Mission, three blocks away, at 226 South Main, but I prefer the Midnight — it is larger and not apt to be crowded.

But once you are presentable, the Union Rescue is a desirable spot for lunch. Plan to arrive there at 12:30 A.M. and you will have to sit through only a half hour of exhortation from the pulpit before adjourning with the other guests to the basement for a lunch that can only be described as fair: a bowl of beans and all the day-old cake and pie you can cram in. If you have

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missed a few meals lately and are still hungry, you might pay a call at the Bread of Life Mission, 423 East Fifth Street, for coffee and sandwiches at tea time. The sandwiches, though a trifle on the thin side, are good and the pulpit performances of your hosts (an exotic species of Holy Rollers), better than some floor shows in town.

For your evening meal you have a wide choice. If you don't mind a rather long walk in the cool of the evening, Doctor Michaelson's Hebrew Christian Mission at Michigan and Chicago is far and away the best bet. The Doctor is a good scout and the food is both abundant and of excellent quality. Gentiles are welcome. Downtown I prefer the Midnight. Be sure to stop in some time before five for your meal ticket. As a rule they have no religious services and provide an hour's entertainment, usually 16 mm. travel films, before supper. When you file into the dining room try to avoid the long table facing the south wall. Above that table hang framed photographs illustrating some of the Mission's activities among the down-and-outers, and likely to ruin even a robust appetite.

A bed is your next problem, and here I would recommend the Salvation Army Hotel at 113 Weller Street for your first night. The beds are fairly clean, and by this time you are probably tired and in no mood to endure a two-hour sermon and the complicated business of registration at one of the Missions. At the Sally no questions are asked and once you have reserved your bed you can take to it whenever you choose. Go early — they have only twenty free cots. The following day attend the evening services at the Union, which start at 7:30, and after supper register there. During the service, at the call for new converts, by all means "take a dive," as the boys term it, at the altar. It involves nothing more than a few moments on your knees and a hearty handshake from the high-pressure lad who leads the devotions, and it makes your bed doubly sure. A newcomer and a convert receives a ticket entitling him to a bed for six nights and three meals a day in exchange for a couple of hours' work in the kitchen each morning. Convert or no convert, you will be lined up in the shadow of the altar and instructed to drop your pants and shorts while you submit to a cursory short-arm inspection and a more careful examination for vermin. If any are found, you'll hit the pavement and carry the banner all night.

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II

During your six days at the Union you will have an opportunity to look the town over and plan your next move. You may decide to put in the winter as a Mission stiff pure and simple. In that event you might shift next to the Los Angeles Mission at 114 South Los Angeles Street. With a story that hangs together and a conversion, you are good for another five nights there. The Midnight can be used for a further five nights plus two good meals a day. After exhausting all Missions good for a bed, go back to the Union and start the rounds again. You can always pick up enough change for tobacco and extras on the stem or by going out once or twice a week with a crew soliciting old shoes for repair. Two of the larger shoe repair shops send trucks to the Missions each morning to pick up the more presentable boys for their crews. They pay 40 per cent commission. Fifty cents to $2.00 for a few hours' work is not unusual.

However, if you have no principled aversion to a little real work and especially if you need clothing or other personal effects, a week or two in the Salvation Army Industrial Home on East Seventh Street is advisable. Apply there on Monday morning before seven if you want to be sure of a job. You will put in from eight to thirteen hours a day for your room and board and earn from $1.00 to $4.00 a week in cash, depending on the job to which you are assigned. The food is a step above the usual Mission handouts and a short step, but you can get by on it.

Try for the assignment as helper on one of the thirty-four trucks the Sally has scouring the residential sections for old clothes, furniture, papers and rags. The rags, paper and glass collected are later sold to commercial firms, while clothing, furniture, etc., that can be salvaged, is sold through stores maintained by the Sally itself. As helper you will earn $2.50 a week in cash and the work is not hard. More important, the driver and the two helpers on each truck have first choice of the clothing and other things collected. In a recent three weeks' stay at the Sally I managed to provide myself with a fairly good business suit and an excellent dinner jacket, a pair of brand-new white flannels, three pairs of shoes, a leather jacket, six shirts and a couple of suitcases. Naturally, the Salvation Army frowns on this practice but even if caught you are only fired. Personally, I have utilized my several

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brief sojourns at the home solely to replenish my own wardrobe. A number of the boys, I regret to report, stay on for months at a time and conduct a thriving business with the local second-hand dealers in clothing, books and furniture.

Having found some way of earning an occasional buck or two, try a spot of independent living. It's not too difficult. A downtown furnished room with a gas plate should cost no more than $2.00 a week. A supply of food presents no difficulty. I suggest first a trip to Aimee Semple McPherson's Angeles Temple. (On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday only, between nine and twelve noon.) Register there as a local family man with, say, five dependents, now unemployed, and give any address but your own. There is no check-up. Here you will receive two large shopping bags of fresh vegetables, fruit, canned goods (not always) and "toppings" (stale cake, pies and bread) once a week. For a single man this in itself is a week's supply. For a wider variety of fruits and vegetables, there is nothing pleasanter than a walk down to the wholesale market at Seventh and Central in the cool of the early morning. You should be there by five A.M. for the choicest pickings. The truck drivers and food handlers are a friendly lot and you'll be able to load yourself down with a wide variety of garden stuff, melons and fruits which have been spilled in unloading or thrown out for some negligible blemish.

There remains the problem of such food as meats, coffee, sugar. Unless one mooches the outlying grocery stores — a distasteful business — I have, unfortunately, found no solution for this other than work. That means, for example, a trip to the Goodwill Industries at 342 San Fernando Boulevard, which not only operates the same sort of junk-collection racket as the Sally but also conducts an employment agency specializing in odd jobs. Pass yourself off, again, as a family man with a number of dependents. They may want you to work in their own building. Avoid it if possible as they pay only $1.50 a day. Any job on the outside — house cleaning, weeding, gardening, washing windows, whatever shows up — is usually preferable. The standard rate is 40 cents an hour plus carfare and lunch.

One or two days' work a week in these odd jobs in private establishments should be easy to obtain through the Goodwill, and will provide you with ample get-by funds. Aimee and the Volunteers of America operate similar employment agencies on a smaller scale.

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III

So far we have discussed the promotion of only the bare essentials of existence for the newcomer to Los Angeles. But men do not live by bread alone, etc. A few words about the town's entertainment possibilities are in order. If you live at one of the Missions or have a downtown room you will probably be within a stone's throw of the greatest skid-row in the world: South Main and East Fifth Streets. Fifth Street alone provides fifty-one bars in the three blocks between Main and Central, in most of which you can get your four- or five-ounce glass of wine for a nickel. The wine is usually labeled Port, Sherry or Muscatel, fortified to 20 per cent alcoholic content, and retails at from 9 to 13 cents the pint bottle. Imbibed rapidly, a pint will put the hardiest toper in a pleasant fog, a quart will knock him down. Less heroic drinking — a nickel glass at hourly intervals — will immunize you from the tribulations of this world as long as you keep it up and send you off in a dreamless stupor at night. (Of course the next morning is a different story, but we haven't *all* the answers.)

Most of the skid-row bars provide either a floor show with a few hard-bitten bosom-heavers or a hill-billy band. Despite their theoretical banning by a recent police edict many of the bars still maintain a corps of "B" girls, as they are known, who listen to the visitor's inanities with complete patience and understanding as long as he pays for the drinks. The "B" girls, with a singular lack of imagination, confine themselves to weak tea, colored to resemble whisky, though the visitor pays whisky prices for this concoction.

On Main Street you have within a couple of blocks your choice of good movies and a half dozen dime houses. Most of them are open all night and if you choose you may spend the night matching stares with Bette Davis between catnaps in your chair. If you really want to splurge you can take in the Follies Burlesque on Main. It's only 15 cents in the morning and despite recent convictions on obscenity charges it is nakeder than ever and playing to capacity crowds. Finally, if you feel the need for a spot of supper after a night's dissipation, I recommend either Wilcox's Cafeteria (coffee and pie a nickel) or the U. S. Café (soup, entrée, vegetables, salad, bread and butter, dessert and coffee, for 12 cents). Both are on Main between Second and Third Streets.

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The bright lights of the skid-row, however, do not exhaust the entertainment possibilities. For a man of my tender susceptibilities, nothing is more delightful on a Sunday afternoon than a few hours on a sun-warmed bench under the pepper trees in the Plaza at Sunset and Main in the heart of the old Mexican district. You have only to step to the curb outside the park to observe the strange and awesome antics of a dozen or more shouting, howling, roaring representatives of half the crackpot religions spawned by the brain of man. They all gather here of a Sunday, each with his own soap box, some accompanied by two or three disciples, others alone against a sinful world, to denounce the devil and all his works — chief among such works being all rival creeds. For more intellectual stimuli, there are the rapid give and take of political, economic, philosophical or scientific debates on Pershing Square (Bughouse Square to its habitués) at Fifth and Hill Streets. Here you will find no formal preaching or oratory, but always little knots of four or five or fifty men, heads in a cluster, those on the outer fringe trying hard to hear and three or four leaders of the current disputation in the center. These closely packed groups are constantly changing form, shifting, dissolving and reforming again as one opponent retires defeated, or as the listeners move on from a Ham-and-Egger to a Single-Taxer, from a Fascist to a Trotskyite, Technocrat, Swami, Theosophist. If you insist on combining practice with theory, you have only to step across the street to hiss the swells to your heart's content as they step from the Biltmore to their chauffeured limousines.

It's a great town, this Los Angeles, and broke or flush, drunk or sober, once you know the ropes you'll like it. There are things in it that the Chamber of Commerce and the All-Year Club never mention. Everyone has his own blind-spot.

PASSION

PASSION's a flame that, leaping up apace,
Will in blind fury its own being efface;
Squand'ring its fuel in a deadening dust,
Not for the wishing, but because it must.

— WALTER DE LA MARE

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FACING THE PHILIPPINE FACTS

By Robert Aura Smith

Japanese guns are beginning, at long last, to pound some realism into Americans and Filipinos on the subject of the future of the Philippine Commonwealth. After eight years of wishful thinking, misguided liberalism and lobby misrepresentation it is now possible to assert that there is a difference between "freeing" the Filipinos and throwing them to the wolves, without being called a dollar diplomatist and a rotten imperialist.

What has happened is what the few realists on the Philippine question always said would happen. Times have changed. The progressive southward march of the "Imperial destiny" failed to convince us. But when Tokyo ganged up with the gangsters and told us to shut up and get out, or else, it was finally more than obvious that the starry-eyed guessers who were sure that "nothing would happen" had been proved naïve. Anyone who mentioned "the Japanese menace," they insisted, was trying to drag a red herring across the trail of his international Bourbonism. But our millennial Philippine policy is now an anachronism because the millennium failed to arrive.

We are now at an important crossroads in Pacific policy. We can "appease" Japan, and the "Imperial destiny" will continue its march to the Equator. We can stand pat on our political, moral and economic rights and obligations in Asia, centered in the Philippines, and the "Greater East Asia" bluff collapses. Since the facts in the case have already made our previous Philippine policy not only ridiculously optimistic but admittedly inhumane, it may be well, in changing that policy now, to foster the rebirth of realism in respect to the Philippine scene.

That realism was sacrificed in forming the present policy — under which we are still legally committed to complete retirement from the Philippines in 1946 — by a combination of factors and motives.

First of all there was the grinding of the axes, and it was a field day on Capitol Hill. The Farm Bureau

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and the Grange wanted Philippine independence because they wanted to keep out Philippine coconut oil, since 25 per cent of it went into the making of oleomargarine, which competed with the dairy farmers' butter. They forgot, of course, that they sold twice as much to the Philippines as they could hope to get out of complete "protection." The 75 per cent that went into the making of soap also does not appear to have been their particular concern. The cotton States joined their cause, for once, since cottonseed oil also went into the manufacture of oleomargarine. "The coconut cow" became the slogan for this crowd and they led it joyfully up the runway to the killer's sledge.

The beet sugar farmers, and their spokesmen in Congress, were able allies. They squelched Henry Wallace and his department with a vengeance when the Department of Agriculture prepared to testify that beet sugar was uneconomical and unscientific and that cane could do the same job at half the cost. There were a million tons of Philippine sugar in the offing and that was enough for the beeters. The fact that they couldn't possibly fill the quotas that were later so generously allotted to them under the Jones-Costigan law, regardless of how much Philippine sugar was admitted, did not enter the picture.

Up popped another ally from an unexpected source. Several large New York banks had loaned at least enough, if not too much, money to Cuban sugar interests. If they could knock out that million tons of Philippine sugar it was obvious that the domestic beet sugar people couldn't pick up the differential, and the American market would have to go to the Cuban creditors of the New York banks. (American sugar consumption is well over 6,000,000 tons annually. The domestic groups have never had the temerity to suggest that they could produce even as much as a third of that under the most favorable circumstances.) And so Wall Street — that is, a very small corner of it — went to bat, by way of Cuba, alongside the farmers.

Organized labor, particularly on the West Coast, joined the parade. Filipino lettuce pickers would do more work for less money than the union groups and so it was generously suggested that the brotherhood of man required "freedom" for the Philippines — and the limitation of immigrant labor entry to fifty Filipinos a year.

Then there was the strange case of Senator Harry B. Hawes, who drafted the first real independence

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bill. The Filipinos loved the genial Senator Hawes and put on a marvelous parade for him. He was photographed in Filipino costume, with his shirt-tail outside, feted as the original "friend of freedom," and everybody was happy. It was a dirty trick for iconoclastic newspapermen to discover that among Senator Hawes' various duties, at different times, had been that of "legal counsel" to the American Cordage Company, a firm that quite naturally wanted to exclude manufactured Philippine hemp products from the United States. But not even the nasty-minded newspapermen could explain away the fact that within a year after the Philippine Commonwealth was inaugurated, Mr. Hawes, resigned from the Senate, was on the payroll of the Philippine Sugar Association at $30,000 a year for the express purpose of lobbying against the provisions of the bill that he himself had drafted. Either the parade or the lobbying job was unrealistic.

Perhaps he was just misguided. If so, he was in good company. There were plenty of others. Honest altruism has had a lot to do with the American point of view on the Philippines. Senator William H. King comes to mind. He was the author of perennial resolutions on behalf of immediate Philippine independence, and so far as I know, no one has ever challenged his honesty, sincerity, good will and genuine conviction. But when the facts changed his mind he also had the honesty and sincerity to say that he had been mistaken.

II

Individual members of Congress, as well as the public generally, suffered from the fact that there was not available any very large amount of genuinely disinterested information on the Philippines. It is not surprising therefore that simple misinformation played an appalling part in making up the American mind. Several theories about the Philippines gained wide currency through their acceptance at third, or tenth, or twentieth hand by persons lacking the time or the inclination to get the facts.

First was the popular supposition that the Philippines were worthless in any case and that therefore their disposition concerned no one but the Filipinos themselves. If they wanted to be foolish . . . well, they could be foolish, and no skin off our noses.

Somehow the fact that this remote archipelago had a land area larger than all of the northeastern

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United States from the southern boundary of New York to the tip of Maine, and a population of 16,000,000 escaped attention. That the Philippines were the fifth customer in importance in American foreign trade was conveniently forgotten. The fact that they were our leading offshore purchaser of such diversified items as dairy goods, mining machinery, cigarettes, newsprint, cotton textiles and tooth paste — to mention only a few of the fifty-five items in which the Filipino is our largest customer — managed to drop out of sight. Similarly the casual columnists who have so glibly belittled our position in Asia with their scornful references to diminutive investments that were not worth the cost of sending a single cruiser as far as Guam, have apparently been ignorant of the value of a productive economy that supplies just about all the world's manila hemp and a substantial part of its coconut oil.

They would be horrified at the suggestion that Alaska was worthless, since their technical reading embraced works like *The Spell of the Yukon*, but they might be surprised to discover that the Philippines produce considerably more gold, every year, than does Alaska. Indeed, if they got as far as the mineral output records they might find out that the Philippines for several years have been turning out just about as much gold as all of South America put together. In these pan-American-minded days, anyone who suggested that our trade with Brazil or with Argentina was not worth the cost of sending a flotilla to Rio or to Buenos Aires would be howled down in derision. But folks have somehow failed to notice that over the last ten years the Philippines have systematically outranked either Brazil or Argentina in the volume of business with the United States. And the Philippines haven't had to run to the Export-Import Bank every odd year to borrow from Americans the money to pay Americans for American products.

This phase of the question brings up another popular misconception: that the United States has poured millions of dollars of the taxpayers' money into the Philippines to sustain the American government there. Actually, the Philippines have been self-supporting and showing a tidy profit. The government is amazingly solvent, its currency unshakeably sound and its total bonded indebtedness about the equivalent of one year's expectable revenue. It was not until the American fantasia on the theme of

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Philippine independence brought about the grotesque American tax on coconut oil — and its return, as a gigantic slush fund, to the Philippine Commonwealth — that American taxpayers had any obligation to the Philippines apart from the cost of maintaining an army force of less than 10,000 and a naval force of one or two cruisers and a handful of destroyers and submarines that would have had to be maintained somewhere in any case. Now, for the first time, American soap users are paying a tax to provide the gravy for a Philippine government that is ostensibly inuring itself to the prospective hardships of an independent existence.

The clamor about the Philippine "liability," however, has been largely confined to the military sphere. There is justification at this point for plenty of confusion in the mind of the layman. Some high-ranking Army and Navy officers have shaken their heads and murmured sadly that the United States, with its immense resources, its great navy, vigorous industrial plant, and control of the sinews of war in the Pacific, really couldn't, probably, defend the Philippines. Then their most outstanding soldier, Major General Douglas MacArthur, former Chief of Staff, went out to the Philippines and calmly announced that he could make the archipelago "virtually impregnable," from a practical point of view, on only $8,000,000 a year. No wonder the man in the street asks, "Who's screwy now?"

But if that is a paradox, it is cold logic compared with one of the most popular ones that had an effect in the framing of Philippine independence legislation. Having told us that we couldn't defend the Philippines in any case, and so ought to get out while the getting was good, the same spokesmen of Philippine "freedom" turned right around and assured us that Japan didn't want the Philippines anyway, so there was no danger to the proposed infant state. It is now fairly clear, with an already proclaimed Japanese program of domination of all of East Asia, that the second part of this assertion simply wasn't true. But that doesn't explain the American misconception that we had to retire from the Philippines because of our inability to defend them from a danger that didn't exist.

This furious fumbling among contradictions to justify the American course of action suggests a panic state of mind. That part of it is correct. The Philippine inde-

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pendence legislation did not begin to gain momentum until 1931. The first independence bill was passed in 1932. The second one became law in 1934. It is certainly not unreasonable to suggest that a drowning Congress and a panic-stricken American public grabbed at the nearest straw. American independence from the Philippines might possibly help the American farmer, the American laborer and the American banker. In those days no experiment was rash, no panacea to be despised. And so Philippine "freedom" was born. The few realists had to swallow it in terms of "self-determination," since an accusation of the inevitable "Japan-determination" was not international good manners. The boys who ground the axes accepted it as another demonstration that you can get what you want if you call it by the right name.

III

The unrealistic American attitude was furthered, of course, by an unrealistic Filipino attitude. The classic retort to any objection to the independence program was always, "Well, they asked for it, didn't they?" And even today, when any Filipino politician is driven into an uncomfortable corner by the facts in the case, he can always fall back on what has been a never-failing slogan and repeat that he must have independence at all costs.

Some of this is face-saving. Some of it is smart politics. Some of it is the Filipino's natural, honest, and correct desire to order his own affairs, backed by the comforting suspicion that in a crisis, the Americans won't let him down.

There is no possibility of finding consistency in the Filipino record on independence agitation, except in the consistency with which independence itself has been held up as the summum bonum — and in the consistency with which the real meaning of independence has been side-stepped or ignored.

The same Manuel Roxas, now Philippine Secretary of Finance, who a few weeks ago appealed to the United States to send materials of war to defend his country against the Japanese menace is the Manuel Roxas who eight years ago on a nation-wide radio hook-up in the United States, gravely assured the American public that the Japanese menace was a non-existent figment of the disordered American imperialist imagination. The same Manuel Quezon, the Commonwealth President, who joined in the appeal, is the Quezon

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who went to the spearhead of Japanese penetration in the Philippines, Davao Province, four years ago, and then stated calmly, "There is no Davao problem."

But coupled with American misinformation, and these too-brave generalities out of Manila, there has always been the sunny optimism of the Filipino. He was always sure that everything would come out all right. He had eaten his cake and kept right on having it from the beginning of the American occupation. Why should not this happy state of affairs continue?

The informed politician may occasionally have had a few twinges of doubt. The poor *tao* out in the provinces was never allowed to have any. "Independence" was the millennium. All that was necessary, or required of him, was to return the Nacionalista-Consolidado party to power and all would be well. Mr. Roxas, incidentally, who is now appealing to the United States to forestall Filipino slavery to Japan, went out into the provinces nine years ago to organize his own independence society, "Ang Bagong Katipunan." He assured the open-mouthed rice-farmers that they must "strike off the chains of slavery" that the United States had forged about their ankles.

There is no profit in laboring the point to the issue of the sincerity of the Filipino leadership. It is profitable to realize that there were misconceptions and evasions on both sides of the Pacific and that the renascence of realism is needed there, as well as here.

The more recent position of the Filipinos indicates that some sort of a shift in emphasis is already taking place. There is more likelihood, now, of realistic Filipino proposals than there has been for some time past. The poor *tao* in the Philippines will have to change his ideas about the millennium. Mr. Quezon and Mr. Roxas may be trusted to take care of that soon.

In the meantime there must be some changes, also, in the American point of view. Most important, perhaps, is the change in the conception of the Philippines. When we get the facts in this country we will be able to see the archipelago as an asset instead of a liability, from the point of view of our entire trade with Asia. We will see not only the Philippine investment but the entire Asiatic investment, to which the Philippines are the political touchstone.

When we have discovered that the Philippines, and with them our Asiatic position, are worth defending, it is extremely likely that we will discover that this position is

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defensible. The calm discussion of the probable use of the Singapore naval base by the United States Navy is an evidence that realism is beginning to penetrate at this point. The use of Singapore has been the number one "hush-hush" in American Asiatic policy for a dozen years, during all of which time every American military or naval man who had ever looked at a map knew that it was inevitable. It is so obvious that the use of the Singapore base makes the American position one of gigantic strength instead of relative weakness that it is easy to understand how Japan would go to the length of the Axis alliance in the foolish but desperate hope of keeping us out of it. That bluff won't work, either, when the USA, tired of being blackmailed, decides that a strong nation doesn't always have to run away.

But we have already committed ourselves to running away from Asia, politically, through granting Philippine independence. It seems likely, therefore, that that policy is in for some overhauling. As Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull repeatedly told Japan and the world that our major objective was maintaining the "status quo" in Southeastern Asia. Mr. Hull is hardly such a tyro in public affairs as to be innocent of the fact that the one thing that would dynamite that status quo most efficiently and permanently would be to carry out the policy to which his party, and its leader, have allowed themselves to be committed.

It is not to be supposed that the United States would wish to maintain a Philippine-American relationship based on any oppression of the weaker partner in the association. It is to be supposed that realism on both sides will dictate a future for the two countries in which the Philippines will enjoy *as much autonomy as is consistent with their safety, and no more.*

That probably means even more autonomy than they enjoy at present, and every additional obligation that the Philippines can assume should be welcomed joyfully in the United States. It also means that their "complete" independence, now scheduled for 1946, will have to be discarded, both there and here, as a good idea that didn't happen to fit the facts.

There need be no violence done to the Filipinos' eminently correct desire for "freedom." All that is necessary is for us and for them to realize that in this particular case, and at this particular time, "independence" and "freedom," far from being synonymous, are mutually exclusive.

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UNHERALDED HOOSIER POET

By De Forest O'Dell

Just after the turn of the century, when Indianapolis was credited with challenging Boston's claim to honors as the nation's literary capital, and the works of Riley, Wallace, Thompson, Major and the Eggleston brothers were being conned by many a Hoosier plowman, the Bard of Alamo twanged his lyre and began to emit these mellifluous songs which have won for him a national reputation of a special sort. In the years which followed, when Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Meredith Nicholson and Kin Hubbard loomed large in the literary spotlight, the Bard continued in his own way to write of the affairs of Alamo, Indiana, and on occasion of all Ripley Township. Acting as his own publisher, he has contributed four volumes to the world of books: *Love Among the Mistletoe and Poems*, *A Lover in Cuba and Poems*, *Twenty-five Years in Jackville*, and *Autumn Rose*.

The Bard of Alamo, James Buchanan Elmore, now in his eighty-fourth year, lives on his Montgomery County farm near Crawfordsville, forty-five miles northwest of Indianapolis, in the house where he was born. His contributions to literature first appeared in the Poet's Column of the Crawfordsville *Journal*, where City Editor Jesse Green nurtured them until the state editor of the Indianapolis *News* was regularly reprinting them. Finally the New York *Sun* gave him the accolade by publishing his verse, and a nation-wide reputation was his. Jim Elmore has not forgotten the services of these three papers to his literary reputation. He has sung their praise in lyrical numbers.

With his vocation of poet the Bard has combined those of school teacher and farmer. He began to teach at the age of sixteen, and soon thereafter became master of the village school, guiding the cultural destinies of Alamo for some twenty years. A life of bucolic serenity suited the soul of the poet. Wordsworth achieved his growth in the Lake Country; Whitman in Camden and Brooklyn; Elmore in Alamo. No ivory tower for him.

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He finds his subjects in the life around him, and meets them head-on in direct attack. Take *The Wrecked Train*, for example:

We boarded the train on the Northern Pacific,
The mountain scenery was grand and prolific,
To make a through trip to the end of the line,
Although in December the weather was fine;
The passengers were quite cheerful and laughing
As the wheels on the rails to powder were chaffing.

Thereafter the Bard spares not his readers the blood-chilling horror of the wreck, uplifting them in the end, however, with the story of the rescue work. Railroad wrecks have for some reason been of major significance in the psychological development of the Bard. His writings include at least three poems about human bones ground to powder under the relentless stomping of the great iron horse. *The Wreck on the Midland* is of secondary significance, but the authentic Elmore fire darts from every line of an earlier bit, *The Monon Wreck:*

And yonder in the wreck I see
A man that's pinioned down by the knee,
And hear him moaning and to say;
"Cut, Oh. cut my leg away."
But a jackscrew from the mail caboose
Is now applied and lets him loose.
With many thanks to these brave men —
For greater heroes ne'er have been.

Dramas of horror on the Hoosier scene gave scope to the Bard's poetical and philosophical talents. When Pearl Bryant was murdered near Greencastle, he trenchantly recorded the heartless cynicism of the villain:

He absconded to Cincinnati and dentistry took,
And left a true love he wilfully forsook,
To pine in true nature — a false, fickle friend,
He never intended his ways for to mend.

Although the Alamo Academy provided his own formal education, the poet has been particularly kind to other Mid-Western educational institutions. In praise of the Wabash College graduates of the class of 1903 he penned the following lines:

Happy days were spent in college
With a class of merry boys
Full of vim and mental vigor,
What a pleasure one enjoys!
'Tis the blooming of sweet manhood.
Oh, how happy we will be
When we pass the curriculum
In the class of nineteen three.

Forty miles south of Crawfordsville, seat of Wabash, is De Pauw University, also immortalized by the Bard in his poem, *Classic De*

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Pauw. I quote the opening lines:

Wonderful fame has classic De Pauw.
Her wisdom and light — 'twill ever draw
The youth of the land, bright and fair;
Her glory lies in her virtues rare
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Crawfordsville, where the Bard goes to pay his taxes, has inspired him to high praise. Often since Wabash College was founded there in 1832 the little city has been called the Athens of Indiana. Elmore opens his lyric, *Crawfordsville, Alias Athene*, in this vein:

The City of Crawfordsville is a beautiful town,
Where knowledge and learning doth abound,
In a great theatrical arena;
It is a place that has much fame,
And transient people are gently tame
When in the city of Athene.

The Ladies' Athenian Club of Crawfordsville is praised for its services to culture:

All hail the ladies of Crawfordsville
For the noble work they do!
They seem to have the force of will
For the club and *belles-lettres*, too.
They teach the lessons as they ought,
As mothers fraught with care,
And bring from chaos and from naught
Good blessings ev'rywhere.

His native state is naturally dear to the Bard, and one is not surprised to discover among his works a poem captioned with its name. It begins:

On the plains of Indiana,
Where the wild flowers gently wave,
There the farmers in their splendor
Do the gentle cereals raise.

There are lands of various dimensions,
From the valleys to the hills,
Many streams that are rippling,
Near by which we build our mills.

His love of country finds voice in the opening stanza of his poem *Our Flag:*

Our flag still waves o'er No. 9
It floats out from the steeple;
This is a country great and grand,
A patriotic people.

Nor are fellow-members of the Hoosier literati neglected by this Indiana loyalist. His lines, *Ben Hur in Drama*, conclude enthusiastically:

Hurrah for Ben Hur! Hurrah for the race!
Hurrah for Lew Wallace who started the chase
And gave us this play — the best of the age —
The grandest of scene that is now on the stage.

Under the caption, *The Painter Poet, J. W. Riley*, Mr. Elmore extols the virtues of the Hoosier poet:

'Twas on a painter's scaffold,
Adorning the faded walls,
That our poet obtained his lessons
In those scenes aglow for all.

. . . .

More excellent writings have ne'er been given
In a strain so rich and pure,
Flowing gently with a ripple,
Everlasting to endure.

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Of course Elmore would remember in verse the craft which brought him to the public's attention. *Vide* his poem, *The Editors:*

The editors are a jolly lot,
And yet they feel quite mellow:
They fill their sheets with much that's not
So pleasant to the other fellow.

They talk at length and to the point,
And always get so giddy.
You'd think their pen was out of joint,
Like the tongue of an Irish biddy.

On the occasion of a reunion of Crawfordsville *Journal* writers, the Bard paid honor to that publication which had first included him among its contributors, in a bit entitled *The Meeting of the Scribes:*

We meet today as writers should,
Enhancing the cause of public good;
So let our meeting long endure,
Promoting the cause of literature.
The press now feeds the thirsty mind;
Let its savor be the kind
That adds to Wisdom her share of strength
And satisfies the soul at length.

Of the New York *Sun* he wrote:

The *Sun* upon the world doth shine;
It lubricates, like sparkling wine,
And casts its light o'er sheens of gold.
It draws the mind, like rubies old;
It is the essence of joy and light,
Filling the heart with things of right;
It is a lamp unto the soul,
And gleams with treasures to the goal.

James Buchanan Elmore, however, has not kept his talents confined to those upper levels of culture. Humbler matters beckoned and were heeded. This descriptive detail from *The Shoe Cobbler* may serve as an example of the quality that has entranced Indianians and hordes beyond:

He sits amidst old rancid shoes —
A splendid scent and savor;
'Twould give an epicure the blues
To smell this foot-made flavor.

A certain evangelical fervor, too, may be sensed in many of his poetic outbursts, as witness *The Long-Haired Horseweed.* The person who got slapped under this title had irritated the Bard for weeks until his emotion overflowed, in part as follows:

From hills of Jackville sprang this weed,
Which soon had run to sooty seed.
He started then to teaching school
And sat as chief on a dunce's stool;
And starting then for old Wabash,
He soon devoured quite all their hash.

The affairs of this Horseweed and his failure as lawyer, clergyman and newspaper editor are thoroughly canvassed, and the poem ends on an admonitory note:

Steer clear of those who chide and fuss,
Whose heads are filled with naught but puss.

Literature and morals meet in the Bard's mind to produce *The Stolen Book* from which we pluck a few gems:

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Let the naughty crook that stole your book
Come forward and ante up;
Let the sneaking thief give relief
And drink of the bitter cup.

Returning things like memory stings
In shades of mystic light,
Let him come, confess, and give redress,
And make the matter right.

It is, however, in his poem, *Bessie, the Belle of Alamo* that he reaches his lyric height:

In a quiet little village,
Where sweet flowers bloom and grow,
Roams the fairest of sweet maidens,
Christened the Belle of Alamo.

Always ready with an answer,
And a manner mild, but low,
Just becoming of a lady,
Like the Belle of Alamo.

. . . .

She never flirts with transient people,
Never hangs on the gate for show,
But allures by charms so graceful,
Bessie, the Belle of Alamo.

It is meet that this brief introduction to the works of James Buchanan Elmore should end on a high moral note. Let it be struck by the Bard himself, in these lines from his poem, *The Truth:*

O, stick to the Truth! It is noblest and best.
'Twill give you much pleasure and soothe you to rest;
'Tis more than a halo around the great sun.
"The Truth" is my motto; let poesy run.

INTELLECTUAL FALLACIES

V

That wolves hunt in packs.

Comment: For sixteen years, beginning with an article in the AMERICAN MERCURY in 1924, Vilhjalmur Stefansson has been almost fanatically trying to stamp out this error; but it still persists in current literature and belief. Willa Cather helped perpetuate the fallacy in a famous passage in *My Antonia*. The notion apparently gained great impetus from a popular chromo of forty years ago which depicted a terrified family fleeing in a horse-drawn sleigh over the frozen steppes of Russia, pursued by a ravenous band of wolves. According to Ben Lucien Burman in *Big River to Cross*, this work of art is still to be found on the walls of Mississippi shanty-boaters. But wolves don't move in packs.

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▶ *Can the USA go into wartime production in peacetime? That, an analysis proves, is*

THE ONLY WAY ENGLAND CAN WIN

By Fritz Sternberg

Let us look at World War II in its present phase through the cold, clear lenses of military economics. This being a mechanized war, it may fairly be regarded as at bottom a duel in industrial production. Other factors will enter into the final decision, of course, but productive superiority is the minimum and basic condition for victory. The fact must be faced that in such a duel Great Britain is overwhelmingly outclassed. Alone, it cannot conceivably win the war. It can avert defeat, and turn it into victory, only on one condition: that the United States mobilize its economic resources to the point of wiping out Hitler's productive advantage. This involves not merely the raising of American output for Britain five to ten times above the present level, but the tremendous speeding up of the whole process.

It is not a question, therefore, of America's entering the war. The question, rather, is whether America can accelerate production without the impetus of a war declaration. Technically it has all the facilities for expanding its war manufactures and speeding up their tempo to the degree necessary for British victory. Whether the country can muster the moral driving force to eliminate the political and social brakes on all-out productivity and exploit these technical possibilities is another matter — a matter on which the outcome of the war really hinges. Unless there is a full popular realization of the stakes involved in this rock-bottom economic reality, future historians may have to record that American aid to Britain was too small and came too late.

Hitler has been unable to destroy the Royal Air Force and thus to achieve the supremacy in the British skies which he needs for successful invasion. But the danger of an invasion, as Winston Churchill has wisely emphasized, still remains. Hitler's victory over Poland, in the fall of 1939, was followed by a strange pause in the war. Germany utilized that pause to assure further triumphs: during that interval it armed twice as

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much and twice as fast as France and Britain together. The amazingly swift conquest of Western Europe followed. It would be fatuous complacency to find reassurance in the absence of invasion during these fall and winter months. Again the interval is a period of high-powered accumulation of force by Germany for bigger blows in the spring.

It would be no less fatuous to assume that time necessarily works for Britain. It simply is not true that Hitler's Reich has exhausted its reserves while England only begins to exploit its resources. The Nazi triumphs of 1940 provided Hitler with great new reserves. "Do not forget," Churchill told the Commons on October 9, "the resources of the enemy will also be substantially increased by the exploitation of the wealth and the plants and, to some extent, of the skilled labor of the captured countries." Germany prepared for the war by mobilizing her entire economy *in advance*, through the timely establishment of an Economic General Staff. That staff, for which we ought to have a healthy respect on the evidence of its past work, is now carrying out the economic reconstruction of the conquered countries. The same efficiency is being brought to the task. Already reports in German economic publications indicate progress and the work will certainly reach a feverish crescendo in the coming months, in preparation for the spring campaign.

We have to take into consideration, moreover, a fundamental change in the nature of Germany's war-material production. Prior to the Western offensive, German factories were working to equip an army geared for land war; the needs of air power were considered secondary, except as a coordinated auxiliary of the army; naval needs came last. Now the army is fully equipped and practically intact. The whole weight of production can now be concentrated in the interests of the other two arms, the air force and the navy — precisely the arms decisive in the campaign against the British Isles.

Both the facilities inside Germany and the facilities commandeered from beaten nations will be exploited to the full, we may be sure. Factories are being decentralized and many processes transferred to regions beyond the present reach of British bombers — a tribute to the increasing effectiveness of the RAF counter-offensive. Shipyards in Germany and in occupied areas are being reconditioned at a terrific speed. The German naval con-

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struction program, it is apparent, is less concerned with huge battleships than with submarines, destroyers, torpedo boats and other smaller craft. The time required for the building of a small submarine is estimated at nine months; from August 1, 1940 to May 1, 1941, the Germans will have had time to construct a new submarine armada.

While thus expanding his own economic war potential, Hitler is laboring to reduce England's potential by means of air attacks on factories, shipyards, transportation and other economic objectives in England. His advantages in this respect, as against similar raids by the British, are obvious. The German air force is numerically larger, has shorter distances to fly, a smaller area as target, and comparatively easier access to British industry because of its excessive centralization. How much damage Germany is actually inflicting on that industry cannot be known. The magazine *Time* tried to estimate the ravages of German air attacks by checking up the losses sustained by certain American companies having factories in the region under fire. "Possibly a good estimate of damage to British industry in one month is 10 per cent," the magazine concluded after its investigation. But it warned that the figure was nothing but a "guesstimate."

The air conflict, in any case, is part of the duel of production. The best that Britain, standing alone, can possibly do in her war against a Germany which now commands the reserves and resources of almost all of Europe, is to stave off collapse. The danger of defeat remains. The chance of victory — without American resources — is nil.

II

Optimists point to the fact that American economic aid to Britain has been growing. A graph of that aid from the outbreak of the war to date would show a consistently upward line. These relative and percental increases are conducive to a false complacency. The real measure of American aid is its absolute magnitude and speed in relation to the British war effort on one side and the German war effort on the other.

During the first year of the war, Britain placed with American firms orders to the amount of $2,000,000,000, of which one-quarter, about $500,000,000 worth, was actually delivered in finished goods. In the same year Britain spent about £2,000,000,000 on the war. Since the domestic purchasing

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price of the pound remains at about $5, the sum may be translated as $10,000,000,000. American deliveries thus amounted to only 5 per cent of Britain's total war expenditures. That, rather than an impressive graph, is the more accurate measure of America's contribution.

As is generally known, Germany transferred her entire production to a war materials basis years before the war started. Hitler himself stated that his country's costs for war *preparations* amounted to ninety billion marks, i.e., about $36,000,000,000. In the first year of actual war, Germany's war expenses ran to about $1,000,000,000 monthly. The figure showed an increase after the start of the May offensive, and today Nazi war expenditures total from 1.6 to 1.8 billion dollars a month. Thus Britain's entire war outlay, including American supplies, did not even reach Germany's in the first year of war, quite aside from the fact that Germany started with a gigantic accumulation of war goods.

Those figures suggest the extent to which American supplies must be increased if the United States is really determined to help Britain to attain material superiority over, or even equality with, Germany. An analysis of the steel industry makes the urgency of the situation amply evident. It is the industry of primary importance in modern war and therefore a fair test.

When Germany embarked on its second World War, it was producing about 25,000,000,000 tons of steel annually, in which figure the production of Austria and Czechoslovakia is included. Even then German production alone equalled the steel output of Britain, the British Empire and France combined. The conquests of 1940 brought a considerable change in Germany's favor. According to an estimate by the London *Economist*, supported by not too obviously propagandist figures from German sources, the production capacity of the Nazis is now not less than 42,000,000 tons of steel a year, as against 17,000,000 tons for England and her Empire. Moreover, the conquest of Denmark and Norway has placed in German hands uncontested control of Swedish iron ore, part of which formerly went to Britain.

The American steel industry is in a position easily to bring about a complete change in the picture, this time in Britain's favor. According to Walter S. Tower, President of the American Iron and Steel Institute, the industry currently has the largest ingot capacity in its history and should have,

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before the end of this year, enough electric furnaces available to take care of demand for any kind of steel. American capacity is now close to 83,000,000 net tons a year, compared with 81,619,496 tons at the end of 1939. In other words, America's steel output is potentially double that of Germany, including all non-German territories under Nazi control. By supplying 25,000,000 tons of its steel to Britain, the United States could put the two major belligerents on a level of equality in this all-important item.

This is the potentiality. What is the reality? According to the Department of Commerce,

> August exports of iron and steel were the highest for any month in history. . . . The United Kingdom took more than half of the August steel export, buying 653,866 tons, or nearly double July purchases. Canada also nearly doubled its purchases in August when it took 108,017 tons.

Assuming that the August figures, described a the highest in history, remain average in coming months, America's steel deliveries to the United Kingdom would reach an annual total of under 8,000,000 tons. This is hardly more than the Germans now get out of Luxembourg and Belgium. Eight million tons of American steel cover less than one-third of Britain's deficit as compared with German capacity. Of course, the 25,000,000 tons required by Britain are not confined to steel ingots. Each ton of steel delivered in its manufactured form, as finished implements of war, contributes to improve Britain's position. Indeed, with transport facilities at a premium and labor facilities inside Britain taxed to the limit, more and more of America's steel exports will be in the form of finished products ready for use. The 8,000,000 tons estimate therefore is probably too low. But the gap between the 25,000,000 tons needed and the tonnage shipped remains strikingly vast.

It is, if anything, an understatement to say that Germany's productive system is now double that of Britain. (The advantage is reduced, of course, by the circumstance that Germany is short of some raw materials and hence obliged to use substitutes, while British industry, thanks to the Royal Navy, has access to raw materials the world over.) If the United States decides to aid Britain economically in a measure sufficient for a British victory, the minimum American support must be about equal to the whole present production of British war industry. If that minimum can be made available, a Hitler triumph can

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be held off. If it is exceeded, the preconditions for an ultimate British victory are created. That is the only way, in this writer's view, that Britain can win.

III

During 1940 the United States was able to support Britain by placing at her disposal considerable quantities of war materials from its own stocks and reserves. Tanks were sent to Canada; guns, munitions, planes and fifty destroyers were sent directly to the United Kingdom. Such supplies from ready reserves are easily exhausted. The noise about such deliveries is entirely out of proportion to their significance. The overwhelming bulk of support for Britain must be newly manufactured, and that will scarcely be possible without far-reaching reorganization of the American productive set-up. The job is complicated by the imperative pressure for speed. Hitler is keenly aware of the time element. He hopes to deliver his showdown blows before America can get under way. *An unexpected acceleration of American production would completely upset the Nazi war calculations.*

The job may be summed up as the almost immediate reorganization of American industry to enable the delivery to Britain of production at least equal to, and if possible exceeding, the entire present British industrial output. Aside from strictly mechanical and technical bottlenecks, moral bottlenecks must also be overcome. The United States is separated from the theatres of war by two oceans. The country enjoys peace and, for all the power of headlines, remains isolated from the war and in a peacetime state of mind. It is called upon to accomplish the very thing in which European democracies failed — *to organize production on a wartime scale and basis in time of peace.*

France was unequal to that challenge, and has paid tragically for her impotence. England commenced its total economic mobilization only in the eleventh hour, under Winston Churchill. She owes her survival up to this time largely to that belated yet intensive effort. Can America accomplish what France and Britain could not? Can it draw from the European spectacle the moral force to swing into wartime production without waiting for war, perhaps without ever entering the war? Inner resistances are naturally great. Press reports have it that ten, twelve and even fourteen months will be required to tool America's war industries and to gear them for pro-

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duction before they can run full blast. These intervals are obviously too long. They *can* be shortened. Whether they *will* be depends on whether the American people realize the importance of the time element — and realize, too, that maximum economic aid without delay is the best guarantee that America can remain out of the war.

At the time of supreme peril to Britain, just after France collapsed, the London *Economist* wrote:

> In every vital matter of war organization, in home defence, production, labor and finance alike, Ministers should ask themselves one question, and one only. Could Hitler do it? If Hitler could, then they can. The mood of the people now is such that they, unlike Hitler, can do it without the aid of any Gestapo or concentration camps. "Go to it," Mr. Morrison has urged the nation. The nation is now echoing back to the Government itself the Government's own appeal. "Go to it — and let nobody stand in the way."

Great Britain has acted up to this slogan. The imminence of invasion and possible annihilation did the trick. America is obliged to act up to the same slogan without any such obvious physical compulsion on its own threshold. It is futile to blame men or groups for the delays. The basic cause of procrastination is that America is at peace and cannot break through the psychological bottlenecks. The fact remains, all the same, that technologically the country is able to meet the test. The necessary moral impulse will be born as soon as Americans understand that in the measure that production is speeded up, the chances of British victory and hence of America's staying out of war, are heightened.

The will to unshackle the full strength of American production would be sharpened, the writer feels, if the essential economic facts were more generally understood in America. Those facts are that Hitler's economic war potential, even before the war, was vastly larger than Great Britain's; that his productive strength now, with a continent at his command, is twice as great as Britain's; that he is now mobilizing all that strength for a showdown offensive in the spring of 1941. By that time, if Britain is to hold out, American deliveries of airplanes must be not merely doubled but increased fourfold; and the same holds true of steel and all types of war goods. Not only must the American people know these basic facts, but from week to week they must be kept apprised of the progress made. Only thus can the inhibitions that retard production be removed to unloose wartime output in peacetime. Only thus can Britain win. Only thus can America have peace.

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▶ *Meet that bridge maestro, revolutionary, gourmet, writer, economist, adventurer —*

ELY CULBERTSON, SHY EGOMANIAC

By John Richmond

To 15,000,000 bridge players in America Ely Culbertson is God. He confesses, however, that he actually is a much more complex character. In his autobiography, *The Strange Lives of One Man*, Culbertson plainly indicates that he is a seven-sided superman. He speaks unashamedly of himself as Ely the Epicure, Ely the Idealist, Ely the Child, Ely the Family Man, Ely the Business Manager, Ely the Philosopher, and Ely the Celebrity. These seven startling personalities are constantly bickering among themselves, and Culbertson has a devil of a time unscrambling their brawls and preserving law and order. He manages to hold these rugged individualists in check, though, fused into the single, ebullient, fabulous figure that he has long presented to the public, Ely the Celebrity, sometimes understated as the Barnum of Bridge.

Other matters trouble him deeply too. After achieving worldwide fame as a bridge tycoon, he now feels his heart really isn't in it. He is eaten up by the conviction that bridge is not the fitting life work for a man of his powerful personality, and sadly admits this fact even though he has built a dizzily pyramiding pasteboard empire to the stage where, at its peak, he raked in $500,000 a year as his reward. The truth is that an eighth Ely has moved obstreperously into his already overpopulated ego. It is Ely the Sociologist. He is tormented by the feverish yen to be known as a distinguished writer on political and economic affairs. "Writing is really my profession," he insists. "Bridge has never been more than a hobby with me." It is probably the most profitable hobby on record. *Time* has stated authoritatively that bridge was one of the great "depression industries" and Culbertson's one of the great depression fortunes.

For his newly planned career Culbertson has a sound background of Political Economy and Sociology gleaned at L'École des Sciences Économiques et Politiques and at the Sorbonne, long years of knocking around Europe,

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and actual innings as a revolutionist in Russia. Currently Culbertson calls himself a humanist and votes the Democratic ticket. He feels that he has an economic message of prime importance to bring to top-flight American business leaders, though privately he considers them a pack of bullheaded dolts unaware of the social ferment bubbling about them.

Culbertson regards his aforementioned autobiography as the first step in freeing himself from his reputation as a bridge expert. Most of its 681 pages read like a true-confession magazine story, and there is a fifteen-page preface explaining each of the seven remarkable Elys as well as a ten-page appendix entitled "The Mass Mind." This latter treatise so impressed the president of the American Tobacco Company that he got Ely's permission to publish it as a pamphlet for distribution among America's key executives. This pleased the Culbertson who yearns to establish himself as an earnest thinker and not merely a frivolous bridge master.

He still faces the herculean job of convincing the public that he is a serious citizen eager to improve man's lot in life. This summer he galvanized his love of people and country by deciding to run for Congress in Connecticut. The Democratic Party bosses, believing that Connecticut was going Republican this year anyhow, welcomed the decision; they needed a whipping boy. So Culbertson campaigned for four months from his opulent sixty-acre plantation in Ridgefield that contains miles of paved and lighted roads, a fifty-room manor house, seven château-sized cottages, and a super-magnificent glass-enclosed swimming pool thrown open to children of neighborhood voters. He was doing nicely until Doctor Gallup announced that Connecticut was going Democratic. Sniffing victory, Democratic leaders sidetracked Culbertson and selected a regular organization man, in a deal engineered behind the scenes. The way all seven Elys lashed out at this common piece of political chicanery was something to see. The party bosses tried to muzzle him but they failed. Culbertson was both cheered and jeered during his speech to the convention delegates when he attacked the machine bosses. One heckler hooted, "How long have you been a Democrat?" And Culbertson replied, "Long before you were born mentally." At this writing the Elys plan to clean up the Democratic Party in the county and state single-handedly.

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Despite this bitter experience, Culbertson, having resolved to become America's political and economic savior, devotes many hours daily to writing on economic subjects. With his usual modesty he announces that he will finally land a seat in Congress where he can more easily spread his enlightening ideas. Considering all the crackpots and addlepates now sitting in that legislative body, says he, there should be no reason why the boys can't move over and make room for Congressman Culbertson, bridge expert and economic wizard.

II

How Ely Culbertson arrived at the present chapter of his life makes a picaresque tale. It is composed of equal parts of Horatio Alger, Baron Munchausen, Dale Carnegie, and for good measure, Havelock Ellis. He was born in Russia forty-nine years ago, covered with a caul, a sign of eternal good luck. His father was a rugged American engineer from Oil City, Pennsylvania; his mother a plump, black-eyed beauty, daughter of a Cossack general. Culbertson is probably the only member of the Sons of the American Revolution who speaks with a pronounced Russian accent. He was a moody boy and dreamed of becoming a saint. But after he paid his first visit to a bordello at fifteen, he reports, he changed his mind about many things. Then he wanted to become a writer. Young Ely submitted his first story to many editors but only one bothered to tell him that the work showed evidence of talent provided the author was sane.

This criticism hurt Ely and he abandoned writing at once. Instead he devoted himself to the pleasures of the flesh and the salvation of the downtrodden. The latter diversion landed him, at sixteen, in a tsarist prison, where for two months — until the influence of his family extricated him — he fraternized with seven revolutionists awaiting execution. On emerging he joined street beggars and made other experiments in Life. But his dour Presbyterian-Scotch-Yankee father had other plans for Ely. He packed him off, along with an older brother, to America — and Yale.

Yale bored Culbertson. He had arrived with a monthly allowance of $125 and a headful of Kant, Dostoievsky and Kropotkin among classmates concerned with football and fraternities. Ely considered them ten-year-olds emotionally. Anyhow, he soon dropped out of

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college to see the American world. He saw it by haunting the Bowery, sleeping in flop-houses, tagging onto breadlines, peddling newspapers, and studying John Stuart Mill and Henry George at Cooper Union. He even tried his hand at opium smoking. But learning that his Russian mother had sailed for America, Ely rushed back to New Haven. His mother died soon after her arrival, and the Culbertson boys went back to their Pennsylvania father in Russia.

Ely returned a year later, journeying to Canada, where he worked as timekeeper on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad. He also led a strike of Ukrainian laborers on this job and got himself booted out of Canada. For a while he rode the rods and panhandled at front and back doors in the U.S.A. The following years he just spent roaming around the world. He joined revolutionary groups in Mexico and Cuba, rested in various jails briefly, and soaked in books in reading orgies of fifteen hours a day. In 1912, still foot-loose, he found himself in Madrid just when a Russian anarchist tossed a bomb at King Alfonso XIII. When the gendarmes rounded up suspicious foreigners, Ely was among them. The police escorted him to the French border and nudged him across. This was the blow that knocked the last remnants of anarchism out of his brain. Ely went to Paris and studied earnestly at the Sorbonne while he bedded down with a Left Bank beauty in true student tradition.

When the World War broke out he transferred to the University of Geneva. There he was first taught the game of auction bridge by an American millionaire's daughter with whom he carried on a tepid affair. Little did the young lady dream that she was making history in the bridge world. She knew only that her pupil, by constantly asking for the reasons behind every play, soon won for himself the title of Geneva's worst bridge player.

III

Inhabitants of Turin, Italy, buzzed one day over a curious advertisement in all local newspapers:

> An American painter is searching for an exceptional model. Must be between 18 and 21 years old. Between 5 feet 4 and 5 feet 6 inches tall; between 24 and 28 inches waist; between 34 and 36 inches bust; between 36 and 38 inches hips; legs perfectly shaped; eyes very large, preferably black with blond hair, or blue with black hair; features either very symmetrical or, if not classical, of exotic attractiveness. Only truly beautiful types need apply. Undress unnecessary. Write, enclosing photographs.

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It meant that Ely Culbertson, having begun to dabble in psychoanalysis, was searching for a suitable subject to mold into a perfect woman by scientifically controlling her environment. He did find one Faustina who fitted the measurements, but before he could get well started the police stepped in and ordered him to leave Italy. Being unscientific, they had suspected white slavery in the advertisement.

Back in Paris, at twenty-four, Ely continued his studies, supplemented by careful devotion to *spiritus frumenti*, the ladies and music. When America entered the war, he volunteered as an interpreter. His application was rejected. Though he passed examinations in six other languages brilliantly, he had flunked in English. After the Armistice Ely learned that the Bolsheviks had expropriated his family's worldly goods. But this news was minor, since at the time he was carrying on in Paris "with the most beautiful prostitute in the Latin Quarter." Besides, he was engulfed in a deep Slavic mood of self-pity. It was largely to save himself rather than his fortune that he joined some White Russians in plotting to fight the Bolsheviks. Luckily, he never got farther than the nearest gambling casino in his pursuit of that scheme.

About the time that the various Elys, in solemn conference in his capacious personality, decided that their common owner must give up the life of an intellectual bum, he began to play poker for modest stakes. This he supplemented with *plafond*, the French forebear of contract bridge. He was earning around $1000 a month when he happened to pick up a book by Milton Work, an American bridge expert, indicating that in the United States certain people made a good living teaching bridge. Ely then and there decided to return to the land of his fathers and arrived in New York in 1921, a penniless young man of thirty.

His reputation as a card player up to this point was that he was a poor but stubborn one. The reason for every move interested him more than winning the game, and soon few people would play with him. In the United States, however, he was unknown and he moved about in bridge circles playing for small stakes but managing to support himself by his winnings. Soon he was making himself unpopular by frequently telling his partners that their system was completely cockeyed. Nightly he drew up an account of his own

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errors in play, classifying them, and at the end of each month he would make a statistical chart showing the exact state of his game.

He won pretty consistently, for his opponents had no idea they were playing against a machine and not a man. In this way, he met up with Mrs. Josephine Murphy Dillon, an attractive divorcée who was already a successful bridge teacher. It was a case of love at first sight. Besides, her skill in bridge astounded him. He wooed her with the same scientific intensity with which he studied the probabilities in cards. So they married in 1923 and it was Mrs. Culbertson, whom he now called "Sweetka," who finally convinced Ely that he would go far in a career as a bridge master. That was pure understatement in the light of what eventually happened. For Ely embarked on the brassiest campaign of ballyhoo ever engaged in by any man in America since Barnum.

"I created a purely artificial character," he says, "Ely the Celebrity, who does not even exist." He once gave the Rochester Advertising Club fuller details of this technique. "I took myself and multiplied myself one hundred fold. By nature I am witty, so I worked night and day to be brilliant. By nature I am cocky. So I multiplied it. By nature I am humble. I really know I am, for only humble people have the right to be conceited. That's why I'm so humble." Ely Culbertson can best be classified as a shy egomaniac.

Another of his tactics was to keep up a constant fire of foul innuendo that he directed at the established bridge experts. The public, wallowing in the mire of the depression, gulped Culbertson's hogwash as a relief from their woes. Ely's grand slam, though, was his promotion of the Bridge Battle of the Century, when he and his wife played Lenz and partner for thirty-three consecutive days. More words were printed about this cosmic affair than about Lindbergh's flight to Paris. Also, he wrote the *Blue Book of Contract Bridge*, which next to the Bible is probably the all-time non-fiction best-seller. Dictated madly to three secretaries seventeen hours a day for three weeks, it sold 1,300,000 copies. Ely never read what he had written but it was pretty hot stuff to the public. To the Sales Executives Club of New York Ely subsequently analyzed his fabulous success and the formula is presented here for budding supermen:

> I have sold bridge by appealing to the instincts of sex and fear. I appealed to women and their natural inferiority

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complex. I implied that bridge was an opportunity for them to get intellectual parity with their husbands. I appealed to the husbands by playing on their fear instincts. I made it almost tantamount to shame not to play contract. I sold bridge through sex, not only by bringing men and women together, but by carefully using the words "forcing bid" and "approach bid" because there is a connotation of sex to them and I realized sexual jokes would be devised around them.

The Culbertson System was finally used even in insane asylums, and in Sing Sing trouble arose between two rival groups of bridge experts. Mrs. Culbertson, too, had a hard time keeping up with the steady demands for her services as a teacher at $40 an hour. The only thing that troubles Culbertson today about this phase of his career is that the phrase "according to Hoyle" still has more potency in Anglo-Saxon folklore than "according to Culbertson." But that didn't trouble him in the parlous thirties. Then he was punch-drunk with power and felt it was necessary to say something to get his name in the papers every time he opened his mouth and he succeeded.

IV

Culbertson's house of cards toppled over when his wife divorced him in 1937. This came as a great shock to the bridge world; it had marvelled for years that the Culbertsons could be constant bridge partners and still give every appearance of domestic peace. The divorce, however, seemed to have been arranged with all the finesse for which Culbertson is famous. Ely and Sweetka calmly arranged all details, and their attorneys got together and released a statement to the press remarkable for its amiability and frankness. It stated that Ely transferred one half of his properties and income to his wife for the support of herself and their two children, Joyce, twelve, and Bruce, eleven. Ely's will, he says, leaves his half of the holdings to his wife, but on the condition that neither of the children on reaching majority may receive more than $400 monthly, the remainder of the estate reverting to a foundation for research in physics.

The settlement includes a unique living arrangement. Today the Culbertson family resides in two five-story buildings owned by Ely on East 62nd Street, just off Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Culbertson and the children live in two adjoining apartments on the fifth floors of the two buildings, while Ely resides on the fourth floor below the children's apartment. The children's home is thus neutral territory where both parents meet and all matters per-

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taining to the offspring are settled. The children are with both parents and often all dine together, while each Culbertson has full privacy. This same arrangement prevails in the Connecticut estate where the divorced Culbertsons live most of the year, Ely commuting to New York three times a week to direct his bridge and business interests.

At forty-nine, Ely Culbertson today presents the appearance of a somewhat world-weary head waiter as portrayed in the movies. He is tall and lean, with bony cheeks and piercing gray eyes under which are deep shadows and lines. He is partially bald, with a lofty forehead, and exposes slightly vulpine teeth. He still speaks with a pronounced Russian accent which gets thick when he becomes excited. His conservatively cut English clothes carry out a somewhat Continental manner. He nervously folds and unfolds his long, beautiful hands as he talks and is a chain smoker of thickly-rolled Turkish cigarettes, often inhaling sixty to seventy a day. He is in the habit of having his hair cut and his nails manicured in his own quarters, although he shaves himself. He cannot stand a man's fingers on his face but a woman's are of course all right. He is of the opinion that exercise is bad and always takes a taxicab instead of walking even a block. He goes around in pajamas, slippers and dressing gown most of the day.

A secret panel leads from Ely's private apartment to a still more private one in the adjoining building. There is located a studio, diningroom, bedroom and bar, soundproofed and air-conditioned, with furnishings faintly Renaissance. It has no incoming telephones, bells or other means of communication. Here solitary life and spells of quiet brooding are thoroughly enjoyed by all seven Elys when the mood is on them.

During his hours of solitude Culbertson accomplishes his more profound economic and political thinking. He is serious, indeed, about this new phase of his career and doesn't deny that he has a tough job ahead. But he reminds you that there is nothing he likes so much as a tough job. Success, says he, depends entirely on whether you know how to handle your own publicity. This applies even to sociology. "You've got to sell yourself to the world," he says. "I've had plenty of experience doing that."

No one will contradict Culbertson on that score. We can only prophesy that if and when the eighth Ely puts it over, the economic-savior business will pay him lots of dividends.

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MUSKRATS FOR RELIEF

By Jerome Beatty

Perhaps the oddest and most successful relief project in North America is on the Summerberry River in Canada where the Government of Manitoba, in otherwise worthless marsh, is growing dollars for hungry, ragged men and their families. Last April, when the first crop was harvested, 400 of the community's neediest men in three weeks picked up $161,900, which amounts in that land to a year's sustenance for each. The crop was muskrats.

This muskrat farm is on 135,000 acres about 500 miles north of Winnipeg near The Pas, once a rip-snorting frontier town where trappers outfitted, took off by dog team or canoe and returned with loads of fur. In 1902, the peak year, 850,000 muskrat pelts were brought in, but by 1932 the catch had dropped to a few thousands. Several thousand sturdy men, working long hours in snow and sleet, inured to temperatures of fifty below, found that their trap lines were bringing about $50 a year, instead of $1,000. If greedy trappers alone had been to blame closed seasons could have brought the rats back, but even when protected they didn't multiply. Wildlife biologists and trappers alike were baffled.

In the nick of time a slender, wiry, woodsman named Tom Lamb got an idea. For four heartbreaking years Tom risked his money, strained his back, grunted "I'll show you!" when folks said he was crazy. Because of his persistence, in a few years nobody in Northern Manitoba will be poor any more. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba, predicts that muskrats eventually will bring $2,000,000 a year to these heretofore hard-up trappers.

Tom's idea was so simple that his friends still are kicking themselves because they didn't think of it. It came as he was making a ten-hour trip behind a dog team from his trading post to The Pas. The water in the marshes was getting lower each year and he mushed across snow-covered land that a few years before had been a lake. Suddenly

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Tom realized why the muskrats were vanishing.

Most muskrats build houses of reeds and weeds in marshland, and they extend about three feet above the waterline. Others dig homes in banks. The entrances are under water and in winter the rats keep a tunnel open so they can swim under the ice. If there is a foot or two between the ice and the bottom they can forage for vegetation, almost the only food available in Canadian winters. Tom guessed that because of low water the ice was freezing to the bottom and the rats were starving to death. Protect them for a few years, give them deeper water and they'd multiply. It is amazing that other trappers hadn't suspected.

II

In The Pas they say, "If Tom had grown up in Wall Street instead of at Moose Lake, he'd own New York by now." Son of one of the great pioneers of the North Country, he is forty-two and as strong and hardy as a polar bear. He speaks Cree like a native and was thirteen when he saw his first railroad train. Reared at a trading post miles from civilization, with not even a day in school, he has proved that if you have brains and vitality you can be a success anywhere.

Ten years ago, even in the wilderness Tom felt the shock of the collapse of Wall Street. The few furs he could buy from trappers brought low prices. He was shipping quantities of fish to Winnipeg and Chicago, but now the price didn't even pay the freight. Then one day in The Pas the world of radios, motorboats, airplanes, electricity, tractors and trucks, so alien to his way of life, struck him in a fresh light, and he resolved to fight the depression with modern machinery. Tom bought a plane and flew it himself. He flew trappers in the fall into heretofore inaccessible spots and flew back and got them and their furs in the spring. After a test showed that a tractor would travel safely over ice and through marshes and bush he bought one, and a short-wave radio.

At Moose Lake in winter he would get from The Pas quotations on fish in Chicago. When the price was right he would radio a fishing camp 100 miles back in the bush and tell the Indians to chop holes in the ice and get going with their nets. He would crunch up there on his tractor, race to The Pas pulling tons of fish on sleds and get the high price in Chicago. Operating quickly, he delivered fresh fish at

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a higher price than frozen fish. In summer when water blocked his tractor he sold outboard motors to the fishermen so they could reach Moose Lake more quickly with their catches. They made more money, for they didn't waste days paddling canoes; and so did Tom. He bought a $6000 boat, half yacht, half tug, which pushes barge loads of fish to The Pas. He put a wind-driven electric light plant in the trading post. He began to deal in beaver for folks who wanted them for conservation purposes. Sometimes he would fly hundreds of miles to spot a beaver house in a lake, then land and set traps to bring them back alive.

Tom made a good living, but like Wall Street brokers who remember the good old days of 1928, he wished he could get back the muskrats that once had made thousands of dollars for his father. When his big idea came he was ready to plunge with his last dime.

He went to Winnipeg and sat around for two weeks before he could get a Government official to listen. He had said he wanted to talk about a muskrat ranch and muskrat ranches were in bad odor. Promoters, taking advantage of the boom in silver fox and mink, had sold stock in muskrats and investors had lost millions. Rare was the muskrat ranch that paid its overhead, for the rats usually were fenced in and their feed cost more than the price of the pelts. That's why, if you've been thinking of raising muskrats in your back yard, you'd be wise not to try it. (Investors did make money on one muskrat ranch in Louisiana. They lost their shirts on the rats but were saved when oil and sulphur were discovered on the property.)

Tom finally was allowed to explain that on this ranch the rats would feed on wild stuff. "I want to lease that island of 54,000 acres near my trading post," he said. "I'll build dikes and dams and canals and when the river floods I'll let water into the marshes. Then I'll close the gates and even when the river goes down the rats will have good water." Finally they leased him the property for $1084 a year.

III

Tom spent nearly $20,000, worked himself and his men from dawn to dusk. His payroll maintained the entire Moose Lake settlement of about 70 families through the depression years. The fall of water was only seven feet from one end of his 54,000 acres to the other. He dug ditches and built dikes by trial

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and error, sighting with a two-by-four at rags tied on sticks, examining with a woodsman's eye the roots of trees to tell where water levels had been. In the spring of 1935, after four years' work, he was dead broke and had borrowed all the banks would spare. But every year his deep water had been covering more acres and the rats, protected the year round by his wardens, had been increasing. Now he was ready to turn trappers loose to see what forty families of rats had produced. If the crop wouldn't pay his bills, he was through.

Leaving thousands for seed, the men trapped 34,000 rats and sold them for as many dollars. The muskrat world was Tom's. Now he would have no trouble borrowing money. He would lease, dam and dike hundreds of thousands of acres, produce muskrats by the million.

He hurried to the Government officials in Winnipeg. "There's marsh up on the Summerberry River," he said, "that's better than mine. I'd like to lease that, too."

"Sorry, Tom," they said. "We've been watching you. You've proved your point so well that we're not giving any more leases to private operators. The Province will develop the Summerberry marsh." Tom swallowed. "Who'll get the rats?" he gasped, as a fortune flew out the window.

"Families on relief," they said.

Tom scratched his head, then grinned. "Good," he said, and then, with the sportsmanship typical of the woodsman, "How'd you like to have me help you? I could keep you from making mistakes that almost broke me."

Indeed, his makeshift engineering hadn't done so well. Some of his canals were too shallow and water has to be pumped in dry years. Some of his dams didn't hold and had to be repaired frequently. To pay his bills he overtrapped, and subsequent yields were disappointing. But he harvested more than 100,000 rats up to 1940 and from now on will net real money.

Happy pairs of muskrats in a year produce three litters averaging five kits each. Sometimes rats born in the spring will have a litter in the fall. Tom says the mink and the owl each take one out of a litter. Some die of disease or hunger, some wander down the river. Generally, if the water is deep, 1000 rats this year will be at least 3000 next year.

Neglecting his own ranch, Tom helped the engineers build gates and dikes much better than his own, so the water level would be constant. More money was avail-

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able and more game wardens could be employed to shoo away the poachers and to trap and shoot the predatory owls and mink.

As a growing concern this Summerberry ranch leaves you breathless. Five years ago a census of rat houses showed only 325 rats in the 130,000 acres. The Government spent $150,000 and by last March the 325 had become more than 400,000.

The 400 selected men this year were allowed to trap 122,000 muskrats as the first crop. The 300,000 left as seed will increase to at least 900,000 next year. More than a million dollars will be swimming in the swamps and probably 800 men will be allowed to trap enough to support their families for a year. In ten years the figures will be astronomical. The Government, retaining one-third of the gross sales, will have its money back in three years. It sells the pelts for the trappers and pays them in monthly installments, much to the satisfaction of their families and to the regret of The Pas' gamblers, liquor dealers and girls.

Canada produced 2,260,000 muskrats last year, which was half a million short of its own needs. The muskrat is staple fur and new methods of dyeing are increasing its popularity. It takes about fifty pelts to make a good coat. The Summerberry rats sold for an average of $1.32 per pelt this year — a high price. More than half were Hudson seal quality. Even with the European market wrecked by the war, dealers say the North American market can absorb 2,000,000 more Canadian muskrats without affecting the price.

Using Tom's idea, the Dominion Government now has a muskrat development for Indians — 170,000 acres near The Pas. Manitoba is starting another big one near the Summerberry project. Soon almost the entire delta will be diked and dammed. When relief problems are solved, trapping will be opened to boys to earn enough to put themselves through college. The Province of Saskatchewan, too, is adopting the Lamb plan.

"We picked Tom's brains," a Manitoba official told me, "and for the good of all the people we kept him from becoming a rich man. The fine thing about it is that he is delighted."

I'm afraid that folks in The Pas were wrong when they said Tom would be a great success in Wall Street. He hasn't the right point of view.

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LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN

By Charles G. Crellin

I had to go to London town,
To buy my girl a London gown,
So merrily I strode along
And passed the time away with song.
I sang my way to London town
With "London bridge is falling down."

In London town the houses stood
Like skeletons of brick and wood:
Dead houses with the bones picked bare
By hungry vultures of the air.
And not a child in London town
Sang "London bridge is falling down."

The bombs, that fell so thick and fast,
Ripped off the trappings of the past;
While prince and peasant side by side
For England's freedom fought and died
In London town, in London town,
Lest London bridge should tumble down.

I could not buy my girl a gown
In London town, in London town.
But I shall send to her a snood
Of bandages for spinsterhood —
A snood to bind her tresses brown,
A crimsoned snood from London town.

For I shall stay among the crowds,
Where Death dives shrieking from the clouds
On London town to snatch away
From children's lips a song so gay.
And I shall die in London town,
To keep the bridge from falling down.

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For Distinguished

THE BADGE YOU SEE HERE is a coveted emblem . . . a symbol of 20 years of loyal and efficient service to Metropolitan's policyholders, and to the communities in which they live.

Today, more than 1,500 active Metropolitan Life Insurance Company field-men are proud possessors of this badge.

Over 7,000 members of the field organization have been in the business from 5 to 10 years; more than 3,800 enjoy 10 to 15 years of experience; and over 1,800 from 15 to 20 years. Fewer than one out of every eight field-men have served Metropolitan policyholders less than two years.

These years of continued service have an important bearing on the quality of advice and help which policyholders receive from Metropolitan representatives in the United States and Canada.

All field-men receive preliminary life insurance instruction before they begin their work of serving policyholders. Thousands of field-men regularly receive further instruction in the many courses conducted by the Company throughout the country.

During 1939, some 567 managers and assistant managers attended special courses; another 1,198 assistant managers received training in the field from the Company's full-time staff of 94 field training instructors. Also, 739 agents, assistant managers, and managers were studying for their "Chartered Life Underwriter" degree. This is awarded only to those who complete specified studies in the application of life insurance to individual needs and in such technical phases of life insurance as its relationship to problems of taxation and inheritance. Additional thousands of field-men received instruction in other educational projects maintained by the Company—all with a view to assuring policyholders the utmost benefit from their life insurance.

Thus does the Metropolitan agent, with the co-operation of the Company, strive constantly to increase his knowledge and to keep abreast of the times.

The services the agent renders are many and varied. Helping the policyholder select the kind of insurance best suited to his needs and delivering the policy are only the beginning of a long series of services.

Many policyholders pay their pre-

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Service

miums weekly, or monthly, and the fieldman collects them.

When necessary, agents adjust insurance plans to new personal or family situations. Policies are checked to make sure that desired beneficiaries or contingent beneficiaries are properly named. Dividends are paid or credited.

When the death of a policyholder occurs, the agent often helps to prepare the claim papers and to get the check promptly to the beneficiary. Death claims were paid on an average of over 7,000 policies per week in 1939.

In addition, every week in 1939, more than 75,000 so-called transfers took place—occasioned by change of address or similar causes. In nearly every case some agent served the policyholder. In almost 7,600 communities where Metropolitan nursing service is available to Industrial policyholders, it is usually the agent who brings word of the policyholder's need for it.

If you need assistance with any problems connected with your life insurance, call in your Metropolitan agent. He will gladly consult with you, and help prepare and file necessary papers. There is no reason for paying anyone to perform these, or similar, services. As a Metropolitan policyholder, you are entitled to the free advice of your agent.

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This is Number 32 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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COLLEGE TUTORING RACKET

By Irving Burton

When William Whiting ("The Widow") Nolen opened his Manter Hall Tutoring School just outside the Harvard Yard some fifty-four years ago, he could scarcely have dreamed that commercial tutoring at America's oldest university would become a $200,000 a year industry. Nor could he have dreamed that cram parlors, making good use of high-powered business methods, would spread like cancerous tissue over other American colleges until today they threaten to stifle honest study. Harvard, with a "squeeze play" that caught one of the parasites napping, a Federal court action that forced another to surrender its bootlegged tutoring notes, and an all-inclusive ban on the rest, is the first to rise to the challenge of "capsule education."

Since the dazzling twenties with their liberation of women, college football and sex, American higher education has been victimized by this academic hijacking. It has become the rule for the campus playboy with a full schedule of social obligations and an equally full pocket to join the ranks of "Bermuda students" and literally buy his diploma. Commercial tutoring schools have blossomed on every sizeable American campus. For a fee they offer to steer bewildered or lazy students safely through any college course. Supposedly they fill an urgent student need for guidance supplementary to course lectures and assigned reading. Actually they provide an easy means for monied lads to buy their way through college.

The situation reflects a condition fast growing chronic in American education. Cribbing, cramming, and trotting have become fixed if "sub rosa" practices at our colleges. Students have fallen into the habit of paying for plagiarized translations, prepared outlines of courses they rarely attend, and advance information on coming examinations. One blue morning near exam time, the student suddenly realizes that his knowledge of a certain course is to be tested in a few days. He phones a "cram par-

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lor," learns the review date for that course, shows up at the right time with about fifteen others in the same fix, pays from $15 to $20, is put through a twelve-hour triple learning process of listening, writing and study, then takes the examination with a near certainty of passing and a fifty-fifty chance of pulling down an honor grade.

Cram parlors naturally pay best at the richer schools where students have more money to spend. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, the Eastern "Big Three," were push-overs for them. At Yale, "Rosie's" attracts most of the crammers. The rest chiefly attend the Elm City Tutoring School, run by a former Yale instructor who found the work more profitable than teaching. Together, it is estimated, the two schools do a thriving business with fully two-thirds of the student body. At Princeton the expensive Hun School which prepares boys for college at fancy prices shares a virtual cram monopoly with the Student Tutoring Association. The latter, conducted by bright undergraduates who divide the profits among themselves, still has the official approval of the University. These charge from $10 to $12 per cram session and according to figures compiled by undergraduate journalists they regularly serve about 75 per cent of all lower-classmen. The total amount of their intake is unknown, for tutoring schools guard their books diligently lest colleges learn the extent of the racket. Careful estimates place it somewhere in the six-figure bracket.

Throughout the subsidizing South where high-priced football players must be coddled through exams, the cram parlors are a necessity in a way. Without them, prominent schools sporting mastodonic football teams that draw crowds and the money would be forced either to lower their standards or forego gridiron supremacy. Dartmouth, a power in the East, found that easier exams wouldn't keep students from the Hanover parlors. Brown and Columbia pay heavily for the cram habit. Even little Providence College has a unique system whereby her students can purchase a yearly policy for "exam insurance." President Hutchins of Chicago has been trying to stamp out the parlors there since he took office, but his raised standards and highly generalized courses have only partially succeeded. Many of the "Big Ten" have proved good pickings. Stanford and USC on the West Coast are likewise riddled. The University of California at Los Angeles

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has attempted to solve the problem by setting up its own official school. Some critics feel this merely serves to keep the money in the family. A recent poll conducted by the Harvard *Crimson*, undergraduate daily newspaper, found no section of the country untouched. Rampant in the East and South, the parlors are rapidly spreading westward as their profits and influence grow.

II

Harvard in the spring of 1940 was confronted with an extreme situation but one largely typical of the problem elsewhere. The dean of American colleges was an ideal spot for the influx of commercial tutoring. Its high standards and the great amount of money its students have to waste rendered it a particularly fertile ground for parlors. The Student Council in a survey taken in 1936 and recently reaffirmed by the *Crimson*, reported that from two thirds to three quarters of the undergraduate body of 3500 were regular customers at the tutoring schools where they paid out a yearly average of $75 per man. Many men spent over $300 a year. Several invested $1000, two and a half times the actual amount of their tuition. One school found the profits so high that it laid aside $10,000 for advertising alone.

The saga of the Harvard "cram parlors" reads like the rise of a booming industry. Manter Hall began circumspectly enough and was joined shortly after the first World War by several new organizations. By 1936 six large parlors — Wolff's, University Tutors, the College Tutoring Bureau, Parker-Cramer, Fairfax Hall, and Manter Hall — were operating under full steam and netting yearly profits of over $50,000. Last year found tutoring in Cambridge reduced to a well-paid pseudo-science with an annual intake approaching the quarter-million-dollar mark.

The College authorities found scholastic sabotage flourishing right under their noses. They professed reluctance at first to boil up what some faculty members considered a teapot tempest. As early as 1922, however, Harvard's President Lowell and a tutoring school clashed over a copyright violation of Lowell's book, *The Government of England*. The offending bureau shortly went out of business. Again in 1933, after a surprise raid by a U. S. marshal had netted some plagiarized notes, the College Tutoring Bureau was sued by Macmillan, Houghton Mifflin, Ginn & Company and Harper. The

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U. S. District Court awarded the publishers damages and an injunction restraining the parlor from further use of the notes.

Dean of the College A. Chester Hanford took advantage of the occasion to deliver the first official blast against the bureaus, asserting:

> Tutoring organizations such as the College Tutoring Bureau, by their extensive advertising methods and circularizing of students encourage them to make use of short cuts. This accentuates a tendency to make the student feel that the important thing in college is to pass examinations rather than to master and understand the subject. It has been our experience that the use of abridgments encourages a certain type of student to even more questionable methods of passing examinations.

Dean Hanford's inferences are clear enough but they reveal only a small part of the tutoring evil. On every campus where the parlors operate, they are an academic nuisance. A common practice among all is the bribing of student monitors to reveal class names which can be added to the bureaus' mailing lists. Students are paid as much as two cents a name. Mimeographed summaries of course lectures and reading are peddled en masse. Around exam time they are crammed down student throats in last minute sessions to be later regurgitated in exam books.

One of the most flagrant and frequent offenses is the ghost writing of course papers. Legend has it that one such paper was written at Harvard, toured the New England colleges, turned up at Princeton and Columbia and was last seen at the University of Pittsburg. During its travels it received grades all the way from A (excellent) to D (poor). It may still be going. As regards "academic hijacking" — the stealing and spotting of exams — the parlors openly vie with each other in trying to predict actual exam questions. Their sources of information are mysterious, but at Harvard Dean Hanford once had to change his exam on State Government at the last moment because one parlor had conjured up the questions too accurately.

A number of popular tales have grown up around each school and its presiding genius. Any tutor worth his salt owns a list of "recommended courses" which he specializes in cramming. All advertise "snap courses." A well-known legend at Yale concerns the time a professor was actually asked to explain a mathematical problem — and told the student to go to "Rosie's" where he paid for his information. Brilliant Harold Wolff, *magna cum laude*, Harvard '29, whose shingle still hangs out over

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Harvard Square though he has had to change his methods, is a legend in himself. A bulky, six-foot, gangling, stoop-shouldered eccentric, he delights in walking about Cambridge with his pet chimpanzee and asserts that he can tutor anyone possessing the brains of his ape through college. His proudest boast is that he tutored Franklin, Jr., and John Roosevelt at Harvard. He was once their guest at a White House week-end. Outlawed by the ban, he is now devoting his efforts to "educational counselling."

In all justice, it must be admitted that there is a definite science to mass cramming. As staff teachers the tutoring mills recruit scholarship holders and young graduates who have discovered that orthodox teaching jobs are both scarce and unremunerative. Each brief six-hour session is the result of a long learning process on the part of a tutor usually a highly competent teacher in his own right. The more conscientious tutors employ student stenographers to take new shorthand notes of lectures every year, providing thus against the possibility of changed material. They make it their business to study each professor's pet exam styles. Teachers who fall into the rut of conventionalized exam-making are duck soup for these sharp-eyed specialists. It is said of Wolff that when preparing to give a mass session he takes all assigned course material with him to a distant tourist camp, remains there for five days in utter solitude, and returns to give a brilliant cram.

III

What has happened at Harvard in the last decade is a fair example of what is taking place at other colleges. Like college football, the cram parlors grew in power and arrogance. Their fast-increasing returns brought on a wave of high-pressure salesmanship and advertising. They began to take special pride in their slogans. Manter Hall confidently proclaimed, "Ask Dad, Ask Grandad About the Widow's." The University Tutoring Bureau constantly warned against "midnight oil, loathsome toil." Wolff's boldly displayed a robed senior and boasted, "Diploma by Harvard — Tutoring by Wolff." Parents of entering students were besieged by circulars and personal letters pitying the poor "maladjusted freshman." A typical advertisement in a Hasty Pudding Show program emphasized the "difficult problems of adjustment in college" and cooed that "guidance may avert more serious maladjustments."

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Harvard's experience showed that as long as colleges take no notice the tutoring evil grows. Lazy students flock to the parlors. As the fever spreads, brighter students join, finding that a last-minute cram often means the difference between a good and excellent grade. Such was the state of affairs at Harvard on April 17, 1939, when the student board of the Harvard *Crimson* voted to clean up the mess. Instrumental in the resolution was *Crimson* President Blair Clark, twenty-year-old, six-foot-three son of Federal Judge William Clark of New Jersey. Editorial writer Garfield H. Horn was elected to fire the bomb. It blew up with shattering effects. In the form of a blazing *Crimson* editorial labelled "The Tutoring School Racket," it exploded:

> Lined up on Massachusetts Avenue, grinning obscenely down over Harvard Yard, there is a row of intellectual brothels. Every year they are patronized by two-thirds of the student body; every year they flout with greater insolence the decency and respectability of this College. Their grip has tightened until they threaten to constrict all the life and all the vitality from the Harvard system. . . . They are making a mockery of a Harvard education, a lie of a Harvard diploma.

The *Crimson* excluded all tutorial advertising from its pages. Slowly at first but with downhill momentum, the movement began to produce results. Finally recognizing the need for student adjustment, the Faculty passed a unanimous vote to establish an official study-aid bureau. The following September encouraged professors began taking pot shots at the cram parlors. Associate Professor Michael Karpovich opened his Russian History course by serving notice that his exams were "no longer a prey for tutoring schools." Associate Professor Perry E. G. Miller warned the first class in his American Literature course that his last exam had "wreaked havoc among private bureau habitués."

But the winter passed with nothing more exhilarating than a few heavy snowstorms. Students took a deep breath and prepared for another era of undisturbed cramming. One tutor remarked that the College's new tutoring bureau was just a way of muscling in on his take. Another bragged that he was unassailable because he tutored the sons of the Corporation. But the wheels were turning and Spring brought action. Undergraduates grew dizzy as the tutoring bureaus were given the official bounce. Dean Hanford's annual report condemned them as "parasites"; then the College, with the aid of several publishers and evidence compiled by the *Crimson*, pulled its now

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famous "squeeze play." Macmillan filed suit against the College Tutoring Bureau for violating the copyright injunction of 1933. The parlor admitted piracy and closed its doors.

Three days later seven publishers represented by Macmillan brought suit against Fairfax Hall. It took only a week for the U. S. District Court of Massachusetts to grant an injunction and order the delivery of notes. Harvard's embargo on the rest of the parlors simply sliced the head from an already lifeless body. And Harvard Library officials have already announced a 10 per cent increase in book circulation and the use of study rooms. This year should prove whether American college students can be prevented from buying their diplomas. Beyond anything the college administrations can do, the problem must be met from within. Undergraduate papers are waking up throughout the country. Typical is a recent definition of cramming in the *Daily Princetonian:*

> A dope ring which makes it easy for the student to stumble through a term in a mental trance, gulp down some canned knowledge in the home stretch and pass the exam. Naturally he gets nothing out of the course, but what the hell — he passed!

END OF THE YEAR

By Helen A. Craig

I remember it well;
It was the cold last night of the year.
The sky was bitter clear.
Somewhere below
In the low hills a bell;
And near
A twig snapped and tinkled a frosty chime as it fell
On the frozen snow.

Time burst its outworn shell;
In a two-dimensioned world of white,
Pasted flat on the night,
We saw for a moment clear;
Then the spell
Broke and our sight
Was meshed again by space and time. The frozen clamor of a bell
Tolled the end of the year.

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LITTLE LUKE SHORT

By Stewart H. Holbrook

One of the surest and most respected killers of the old West was Luke Short, a quiet, mild-mannered and colorless little man who looked not unlike that pathetic figure of the cartoons always labeled The Common People. But Luke made a name for himself; in Leadville, in Tombstone and in Fort Worth he was known as the Undertakers' Joy. He never shot but to kill and he killed by drilling a man right between the eyes. Clean job, always.

Luke was born in Arkansas in 1854 and never grew bigger than five feet four inches and 145 pounds. After a bit of riding herd, he opened what he was pleased to call a trading post on the Nebraska-South Dakota border. For a year or so he kept the Sioux thereabout pretty well liquored. But the United States Cavalry swooped down on the post, closed it and put Luke under two guards on a train for jail in Sidney, Nebraska. Luke politely asked to go to the men's room, and never returned; he simply dropped quietly off the moving train and made his way to Leadville.

In hell-whooping Leadville he did very well as a professional gambler. Because he looked so ineffectual — almost pitiful — he found plenty of suckers for his really excellent judgment in respect to the percentages of chance. When a local card-sharp, a blowhard named Brown, took to bullying Little Luke one day at a game of stud, Luke was mildly irritated. "Go 'way, mister," he said, "and don't bother me while I'm workin'. It ain't genteel." Brown became more abusive and finally drew his gun, thinking to frighten the sad little fellow. Luke shot him as quietly as possible, between the eyes, before Brown could pull his own trigger. "The little guy's a fast man," remarked admiring onlookers. All Luke said about it was that he hated the sound of shooting.

When he felt Leadville no longer large enough for his developing talents, Little Luke moved on to Tombstone, then described by newspapers and preachers as "the

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Harlot of the West." He arrived there in 1881 and set up a faro game. Again the wistful little man's appeal to suckers was felt and his table was always crowded. Charley Storms, a local bad man and bully, came in one night and attempted to break up Luke's game. Bat Masterson, the noted marshal, was present. He took Storms from the room and warned him to stay outside. But Storms didn't know when he was lucky. He barged back into Luke's place, waving a .45 as he entered. Luke didn't trouble to rise from his chair. He shot Storms very quietly, plumb between the eyes, and was heard to mutter something about his dislike for loud, unseemly persons in places of amusement. Bat Masterson remarked that he had never seen such pretty shooting from a sitting position.

Luke never had to draw gun again in Tombstone. Saving a wad of money, he moved on to Dodge City and in company with two other men opened a tolerably swell saloon and gambling hall. Luke had the reputation of being a square gambler, honest in all his dealings. Moreover, he installed a three-piece band, then something new. Men and money poured into the place.

Mayor Webster of Dodge City owned a large interest in a rival saloon and gambling hall and he didn't like the way the boys were piling into Luke's place. So he passed an ordinance prohibiting music in saloons. Luke quietly complied with the law, letting his band go. On the next night and from Mayor Webster's saloon, came sounds of a five-piece band. Luke took back his own musical boys and set them to playing. The mayor had Luke arrested, put on a train without trial, and told to keep going.

II

Luke went as far as Kansas City and there planned a coup that resulted in near civil war. He wired his old and good friend Masterson to come to Kansas City. Bat did so. Luke told him sadly that an honest man couldn't operate in Dodge because of a crooked mayor. Bat wired Wyatt Earp, the famous sheriff, who responded at once. Then they collected four other good shooting-men from Caldwell, Kansas, and prepared the assault.

Earp went ahead to Dodge and got a conference with Mayor Webster. "I have several able men coming here in a few days," Earp told his honor, "and we mean to see that Luke Short gets a fair

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deal here." Faced with Earp, Masterson and their aggregation of gun-fighters, the mayor assured the sheriff that no man would be more welcome in Dodge than good old Luke Short. Next day Masterson and Luke, together with their gang, arrived and were met at the station by the mayor's own band and most of the city. It was an ovation.

Luke reopened his place of business and things went smoothly for a time. But the mayor, or at least certain of his cronies, attempted to cramp Luke's style in one way and another. Luke promptly called on the mayor and suggested that he get rid of two deputies Luke didn't like. This was done. Then Luke called on the Dodge sheriff and asked him to fire four of his men. The sheriff did so. Luke next proposed six of his personal friends for the jobs left vacant. This was too much. Mayor and sheriff called on the governor of Kansas for troops "to restore order." They were refused. Luke's pals were appointed to the jobs and Luke himself continued to operate with great success until late in 1884, when he sold out and moved to Fort Worth.

Here he opened the celebrated White Elephant, a combination drinking and gambling establishment, and for more than two years his life was unmarred by unseemly events. Then appeared one Jim Courtright, an ex-convict turned racketeer who was hired by higher-ups of Fort Worth to collect protection money from saloons and gambling dens. Luke, genial soul, paid protection up to a certain point. When Courtright tried to raise the ante, Luke refused. "That sum is too much for a square joint to pay," he said, "and I'm not goin' to pay it."

That evening, which happened to be February 8, 1887, Luke and Courtright met on the street in front of the White Elephant. Courtright reached for his gun. Before he could get it from its holster Luke had shot him once, between the eyes. "That feller ain't got no sense of proportion," he said sadly, and with apparent regret, as he returned his smoking gun to his pocket. When he heard of the affair, Wyatt Earp remarked that some day, perhaps, would-be tough guys would learn to leave Little Luke alone.

Luke was tried for murder and acquitted. He followed his occupation of gambler until September 8, 1893, when he died peacefully at Queda Springs, Kansas, of disease, as befitted a quiet man of sedentary habits. A bullet had never even parted his hair.

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ROUND TRIP

A Story

By Whitfield Cook

The little dark man with the nearsighted eyes leaned his head back against the bus seat. It was a largish head for so slight a man, and when he tilted it back like that, his Adam's apple stuck out sharply. His strong hands were heavily still in his lap, but the fingers of the left hand were clamped tensely around the right wrist.

He could hear what the two people in the seat ahead were saying: "Think of maniacs like that being loose in the world!"

Why didn't the bus go faster? Why didn't it get there sooner! Get where? Where was he going? . . . "Maniacs . . . loose in the world!"

He'd go where they'd never find him. They couldn't look everywhere. It wasn't humanly possible for them to look in every little town. Was it? And after a while the police gave up, didn't they? There were lots of unsolved crimes.

"Maniacs" . . . Maniacs didn't look like him. He was a tired little man. He was only thirty-five, but he was so very tired.

Mother . . . I can remember when I was ten. Was I really such an ugly little runt? Was that why the kids chased me? I can remember them chasing me home from school almost every day. And you'd be standing there with the door open, so I could run in quickly. And you'd close it after me, and I'd be safe. I hated those kids, Mother. And I was afraid of them. . . . How do I happen to remember that now?

The bus stopped in front of a drug store in a little town. He didn't like it when the bus stopped. He slouched down lower in his seat. His heart would begin to beat heavily. It seemed to be crashing right through his thin chest.

Oh, Ruth, Ruth . . . I haven't even a picture of you. Maybe there'd be a picture of you in the papers. Maybe they got hold of one of our snapshots. Maybe that one of you in your bathing suit at Crystal Lake.

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. . . Ruth, I didn't mean it! I didn't mean it! . . .

At the next town, the bus driver looked around at him. "This is Miltontown," he called.

He must have bought a ticket to Miltontown. He put on his hat and took his umbrella and overnight bag from the rack and got off.

It was a hot town with a Main Street and rows of stores that looked more or less alike. There was a newspaper blowing along the sidewalk. He could see the word KILLER in large black type. He stooped and picked up the paper. It was the New York *Sentinel;* and there *was* a picture of Ruth. It was not a good picture. She was prettier than that. There was a picture of him, too. An old picture of him in his high-school sweater. It was very blurred. No one would ever recognize him from it.

He folded the paper and put it under his arm. He started walking along the street.

The stores were closed. He remembered it was Sunday. There were a few people in their Sunday clothes strolling along the street. One old lady had a parasol. He hadn't seen a parasol in years. *Mother, you used to carry a pretty green one . . . .*

He passed a cemetery that was set under tall old trees. It looked cool. He walked slowly to a bench and sat down. No one was noticing him. He unfolded the newspaper.

They were looking for him. He was under suspicion. It didn't say whether or not they had any trace of him. It told all about Ruth's life. But it sounded all wrong. It didn't sound like Ruthie really was. Then he read: "The diary of Ruth Lansing from the time she met Victor Croat to the day before her death begins on the next page." He turned the page. He'd never known Ruth kept a diary.

"OCTOBER 27. I bought that yellow dress at Bloomingdale's that I've been so keen on. Ma was sore about it. Says we got no money to throw away on clothes. Everything is dull as hell. Ma rented Mrs. Forbes's old room to a man this morning. He's little and polite and has thin hair. No S.A. Looks like a dope. Name's Victor Croat."

The paper shook in Victor's trembling hands. He remembered that day. He remembered first seeing Ruth. He was standing in the hall, telling Mrs. Lansing he'd take the room, and Ruth came running downstairs. He'd never seen anyone so beautiful. Her lovely little feet in their high heels, her white hands slipping into bright green gloves, that magic, silky blond hair flowing from under her hat.

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"My daughter," said Mrs. Lansing. And Victor knew then that Ruth was something he wanted.

He had smiled a bit and looked down at the floor shyly. Ruth said, "God, I'm late!" and hurried down the brownstone steps.

He read more of Ruth's diary. There was no mention of him till November 29th. Then Ruth had jotted down:

"Went to a movie with Mr. Croat. Rainy night. Nothing better to do. The little guy seemed very pleased. He's a bookkeeper or something for the Buscher Glass Jar Co. He reminds me of Goggles, the history teacher we had in high school."

Sitting there on the bench, Victor felt ashamed. Why couldn't he have been a good-looking man! Things would have been different then. Why couldn't he have been a big fellow?

The leaf shadows across the graves lengthened as he sat there, his umbrella and bag and hat beside him, his thin, tufty hair blowing a little in the gentle wind. He must decide what he was going to do. He ran a comb through his hair and put on his hat. He left the cemetery and walked up the elm-lined street towards the edge of the town. Out where the houses were fewer he saw a home-made sign in the window of an insignificant gray bungalow. He rang the doorbell and talked to a large, bland-faced woman who was slightly deaf. She spoke in a loud flat tone. He said he'd take the room she had for rent.

Victor sat on the bed and wondered what he would do next. Out in the living room someone turned on a radio. The sound filled the house blatantly. Victor sat on the bed motionlessly and heard two dramatic sketches and a review of books. Then there was a news summary. He was the second item. The bloody fingerprints on the bathtub had been identified as his. He was believed to be somewhere in Connecticut. The commentator started to describe him.

A feeling of terrific excitement spread through him. A sensation of horror and nausea. He quietly opened the door of his room. His landlady was sitting by the radio with her back towards him. She would certainly recognize him. He moved towards her. Then he saw she was busy crocheting. And she wasn't even listening to the radio.

He went out of the house. He started walking. He didn't know where. But he couldn't stay inside and listen to that machine which at any moment might say more about him.

Off in the twilit distance he

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could hear the call of the mourning doves. That minor, lonely cry. It reminded him of Crystal Lake. *Ruthie, those three days were like heaven. . . .*

They had had three days because the Fourth of July had come on a Monday. He had been talking to Ruth about Crystal Lake for a long time and saying she ought to see it. Couldn't she go out there with him some week end during the summer? Well, she said she'd go out the Fourth of July, but she'd have to take her girl-friend, Mona Duffy. Victor was so happy. He smiled secretly to himself all the time. He thought, If only the boys at the Buscher office could see him now, going off for a week end with this really beautiful girl. They probably thought he went around with some homely little runt. If they could just see Ruth!

That was a memorable week end. He guessed it was the most fun he'd ever had. The Sunset View Hotel was crowded, and there were a lot of gay things going on all the time. They hiked up to the top of Stony-face Hill, and they canoed to the end of the lake. That was at night. And he kissed Ruth once; but when he did he almost upset the canoe, and that made him a little frightened. Ruth just laughed. She was a good swimmer. Victor could only swim a short way, breast stroke.

Of course, he was pretty sore at Ruth the last night when they were watching the fireworks, because she let that big blond bruiser who had sort of introduced himself come and sit next to her. He could hardly see the fireworks, he was so mad. There were other fireworks going on in his mind. He thought if he had something sharp he could stick it quickly into the big guy's heart. Even a long penknife would do it. Just quick-like he could do it; the big guy would hardly know what had happened.

Why do I remember all this? What's the good of remembering it? . . . If I could only explain things to you, Ruthie! See? It's like Aunt Gertrude said to me once: "You were conceived in violence, Victor. There wasn't any love between your mother and father. And if you have any of him in you, you'll probably end in violence." . . . I don't think Aunt Gertrude ever liked me. She told Mother I looked the color of stale fish. . . .

Victor had been walking miles through the town. He went into a restaurant and ate a big dinner. Afterwards he walked slowly back towards the bungalow. The family were out. He went to bed, after putting his hat and umbrella and

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small bag in the closet. He slept soundly. Next morning he was anxious to see a New York paper, to read more of Ruth's diary. It was raining. He took his hat and umbrella and left the house early. He dodged into the little paper store and bought a *Sentinel*. He stood outside under an awning, reading:

"JULY 5. Mona and I went to Crystal Lake with Victor Croat for the Fourth. Victor's awfully sweet to me, the poor lamb. He's not exactly exciting, but he means so well and tries so hard. Mona says so, too. A big, handsome guy named Norman tried to pick me up. I did look a wow all right in my new flowered formal. And Victor got simply furious. I guess he's awfully jealous or something. And for such a little squirt he sure has a terrible temper. Anyway it was better than just sitting home with Ma over the Fourth.

"JULY 16. I lost my job with Greenbaum. I'd like to kill the dirty bastard. I cried all last night. Ma said I should have saved some money for a rainy day. But how can you on twenty a week!

"JULY 27. Oh, God, what a summer! What's going to become of me! Ma's so broke, we sometimes go to bed hungry. And I don't even have enough money for lipstick.

"AUGUST 9. Big joke. Last night Victor asked me to marry him. Honestly, I almost laughed in his face. He's an all right guy to go to the movies with or something; but he's no one to have to sleep with the rest of your life. Oh Lord, he was shaking all over when he asked me. He sure is serious."

Victor's eyes were blurring. He couldn't see to read any more. He went into the dog-wagon next door. There were two or three customers sitting at the counter. He climbed onto a stool and ordered coffee. He opened the newspaper again and leaned over it.

"AUGUST 23. I told Victor I'd marry him. Oh God, what a fool I am. But I've got to do something. I can't go on this way. I've got to have some kind of security."

And he'd been so happy that night. He had taken Ruth out to dinner and bought her wine and everything. And he had thought he was the luckiest man in the world. At last everything had come to him. He'd have a beautiful wife, and they could have a little flat out in Sunnyside and a second-hand car, maybe, on long-term payments. His heart had been flowing over with love and joy.

The radio was going in the dog-wagon. It was too loud. And the static was making sharp, crackling sounds. With a start he became

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conscious of it talking about him. "The police are searching for Croat in the northern part of Connecticut. He is a small, dark man wearing glasses. He is believed to carry an overnight bag, in which may be the head of Ruth Lansing, which has not yet been found."

He thought of the overnight bag sitting on the floor of his closet. They might have found it by now. They might be at the bungalow, waiting for him, laying a trap for him. He had one of his weakening spells of terrible fear. He started out towards the opposite end of town. He wouldn't go back to the bungalow at all.

He walked as fast as he dared through the rain, his legs straining tensely at each step. He reached the edge of the town and kept on going. He turned off onto a small country road that twisted into the woods. He found a very old deserted farmhouse. He crossed through the high wet grass and broke in the rotten kitchen door. He put his umbrella in the corner. There were two rickety chairs. He wiped them off with a piece of his newspaper. Then he took off his wet suit and laid it on one of the chairs. He sat down on the other. He was getting terribly tired.

He opened the paper again to Ruth's diary. He hadn't finished it.

"AUGUST 28. Nothing ever happens right. I'm scared of what's happening. Here I am engaged to Victor, and I'm suddenly crazy about Mort Phillips. What can I do? And does Mort really love me? He's certainly giving me a rush. Mona met him last week. And then she and him and Bill Weyman and I went out on a double date. I didn't tell Victor, of course. What he doesn't know won't hurt him. I got Victor to buy me a new dress. I just had to have something to wear when I went out with Mort. Oh God, he's a handsome bruiser! He has something to do with music publishing. And he knows lots of people in the theatre. I've always wanted to know somebody like him. Oh God, why do I get myself in such messes? Sometimes I just hate myself. But I'm entitled to a little fun, I guess.

"SEPTEMBER 2. I just about decided I wouldn't see Mort again. I suppose you can't have your cake and eat it too. But now he has asked me to go to the Park Roof Club with him. And I've always wanted to go there. It's so swell. So I'm going tomorrow night. Then I'll tell him I can't see him any more. I don't think I'd ever get much from him anyway. I know what he wants. When he kisses me, though, I'm lost. What a Romeo!"

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The diary stopped there. "Read the last dramatic entry in Ruth Lansing's Diary in tomorrow's *Sentinel*."

Victor threw down the paper violently. The old red fury was drifting up through his head. That suffocating hatred swept in waves through him. So Ruth had thought she was getting away with something. But he'd known all along. He'd seen Ruth getting into Phillips' car down by the corner. He knew what was going on. And yet he'd been afraid to say anything about it, afraid Ruth would get angry, and then he'd lose her.

He had known she was going out with Phillips that night. And he'd been desperate. He'd felt really sick all day. And frantic. He didn't know what to do. In the afternoon he decided to send Ruth flowers. She'd get them just before she was supposed to go out with Phillips. Maybe they'd make her realize how much Victor loved her; then she wouldn't go.

She had gone anyway. He'd seen her sneak away to meet Phillips with *his* flowers on.

That's when it had begun, that terrific thing inside of him. That's when everything began beating faster and faster. During the early hours of that evening he walked and walked and walked. Then he went back to the house. He went into his own room and paced up and down there. The sweat would pour over his hands. How could Ruth do this to him? . . .

When he heard her come in, he turned out his light, and through the crack of his door he watched her come upstairs and go into her own room.

He paced on around his room, from the left side of the bed around to the right and then back to the left. And on and on that way. A half hour passed. And by that time he was as desperate as a caged animal. People thought they could step all over him, did they? They thought they could treat him like dirt, did they?

He crossed the hall to Ruth's door. He went in quietly. Ruth was sitting at her desk, writing something.

She looked surprised when she saw Victor. "What are you doing in your undershirt?" she said. That was all she had time to say. Then his hands were on her neck. *Ruthie, I was just going to kiss you. Honest, that's all I meant to do! Honest! I wanted to show you how much I loved you!*

It was all over so quickly. He was very hazy about what had happened. But he remembered that when he had seen Ruthie's

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head, so blond and beautiful, he knew he couldn't leave it. . . .

Mother, do you remember how I cried and cried one day when the boys killed a squirrel? He used to come up and eat out of my hand, that squirrel. . . .

Victor sat there in the deserted farmhouse, listening to the run and drip of the rain outside. He was growing cold, and he trembled. *Mother, I'm cold and hungry and frightened. And I didn't mean it. Honest, I didn't.*

After a while, he fell asleep. He woke up at night and sat there thinking in the dark. He wanted to get a paper in the morning and read the rest of Ruth's diary. Yet he was afraid to go back into town. They'd be waiting for him. They'd have a trap set by now. But he *had* to read Ruth's diary. It was the only thing of hers he had left.

When dawn came, he waited about an hour; then he headed down the road towards the town. He pulled down his hat and went along a side street to the paper store. He walked in, he thought, with a certain amount of casual dignity. They were waiting for him.

One grasped him on the left and one on the right. The handcuffs were on in no time. It was all done quietly.

"I would like to buy a paper," he said to them.

"What for?" they said.

"To read the rest of her diary."

They just looked at him.

"Please," he said.

One of them bought a *Sentinel* and opened it and started reading without much expression:

"SEPTEMBER 3. What a date! Mort sure knows how to show you a good time. And not afraid to spend money either. Oh, God, if only he would want to marry me. But I know he wouldn't ever. Maybe I could trick him into it. Other girls do it, why not me? Then would I give Victor the bye-bye! I must be screwy to think things like that. I ought to marry Victor. He's a bird in the hand. But the more I think of it, the sicker I get. What should I do? If there was just somebody I could talk to. Mona doesn't understand. And Ma's sore at me all the time. Oh God, I feel tired and lousy. What's it all about anyway? If only somebody'd tell me what I ought to do. I want to be happy! God, can't I ever just be happy?"

"Is that all?" asked Victor.

"Yeah."

The tears ran down his stubbly face. Quite a crowd had collected. They stood around and stared at him.

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▶ *Some truths about the Cinderella legend of the cruel stepmamma.*

IN DEFENSE OF STEPMOTHERS

By Helen Augur

One question the census takers did not bother to ask was, "How do you feel about stepmothers?" It would be like asking people how they feel about taxes and hay fever. All of us have suffered with Cinderella and Snow White and triumphed with them over the ogress. A miniature poll of opinion which we conducted proved that the cruel stepmother myth has a tight grip on the subconscious. Then we gathered case histories of real stepmothers in various walks of life and various parts of the country and consulted experts on family problems. The sum-total proved that the myth is amazingly wrong, libelous and an injustice to millions of women who have brought up other women's children. That brought us straight back to popular opinion, which is wrong in such a curious way. And we all know it's wrong. Anybody who makes a list of the stepmothers he knows will find that they average up like ordinary mothers.

Yet the idea that stepmothers are bound to make children unhappy has gone on through all the changes in family life since the cave man. Everybody has always had a very deep feeling about stepmothers. Isn't it strange that there should be all this emotion about them? So few people have them. The answer is that all of us have mothers, and every one of us was once a helpless baby depending on his mother for his very life. Our first emotions centered around our first need, the mother's love, and the blind faith that we were going to get it. All our lives we keep on believing that mothers love their children. In the same way, deep in our minds, we believe that stepmothers hate children. The two ideas are as inseparable as the two sides of a garment: the stepmother is the seamy side.

This sounds fantastic. It is precisely that, a fantasy created fresh in every child's mind to work off his resentment at being a helpless creature in the hands of a "tyrant." Perhaps she only wants him to eat a good supper and go to bed,

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when he wants something else. He must keep on loving his mother, and he can't express his rebellion against her, or even think it, because the most powerful tabu on earth stops him. So he hates a perfectly strange woman — the old witch in games, the witch stepmother of the fairy tales. If Cinderella is the most beloved of all nursery tales, it is because she gets children out of their dilemma. Here is a dear little girl who suffers at the hands of a hideous hag, but finally leaves the wicked stepmother's house on the arm of a prince. A wonderful tale, to foster the youngster's resentment against his mother, and his rivalry with her for the father's love (reading Papa Charming for Prince Charming) — a symbolic promise of release from parental restraints.

The fairy tale stepmother is worth her weight in rubies to the child, and since she isn't quite human, it's all right to make her the scapegoat for the real or fancied sins of the mother. Kind and sensible adults cling to the myth as a hangover from childhood, and the emotion about stepmothers has to be strong enough to balance their feeling that mothers are sacred.

All of which is a bit tough on stepmothers, who have problems enough as it is. Some of them even agree with the intelligent outsider who throws out prejudice but who still thinks that the stepmother relation is unnatural, and that children are better off with their own mothers. Are they? Look at the case of Betty M. Her mother was a career woman who never took much interest in her, and kept running off to Europe on newspaper jobs. Betty was neglected and miserable until her father married again, this time a woman who stayed home and loved the child. Betty was born of a stepmother, and brought up by a mother.

That's just one case. Let's look at others, of thousands who have been through the hands of specialists in children's problems. There is a big staff of such experts in the public school system of one of our largest cities, and the children they deal with are all suffering from emotional troubles. Most of them suffer from not getting enough love; they are being treated like "stepchildren." So we expected file on file of stepmother cases. There wasn't any. A psychiatrist and a social worker checked through their records, just to make sure. They found plenty of stepmothers, but no case of a child whose trouble could be traced to the sole fact

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that the woman bringing him up was not his mother. Stepmothers, said they, are only mothers, and like mothers, they are usually good, but sometimes bad. Experts who deal with the "stepchild" have long ago given up the stepmother myth. They are too busy trying to cure real mothers of hating their own children. Normal women, of course, love children — their own and other peoples' children. But more women than we like to admit are simply unable to accept them; their natural instincts have been twisted by an unhappy childhood of their own, or something wrong somewhere. This fact of unloved children, so familiar to the specialists who try to help them, is the blind spot in public opinion. We shy away from the dreadful truth that so many mothers actually hate their children. Because it's too unpleasant to think about, we hold on to the stepmother myth. So we scarcely notice stepmothers who are doing a good job, and in the majority they are. Children prove to be pretty simple, for any woman whose instincts are sound. The young are gluttons for love, and have an infallible instinct about who is getting it. They need more love, and need it longer, than most of us realize. From the child's point of view, the woman who loves him enough is no stepmother. And the popular idea that stepdaughters suffer more than stepsons — the Oedipus complex, if you like clinical terms — collapses before the wisdom of the born mother. Valerie P., an exceptionally beautiful woman, took over a stepdaughter who was exceptionally ugly, at the hobbledehoy age when girls are most conscious of their looks, and most afraid of rivals. But Valerie made the awkward young girl secure and happy, simply by loving her enough.

II

In fact, all you have to do with a born mother is to put her in a house with motherless children, and instantly she begins to function. She does the right things instinctively; she can't help herself. One of our case histories is a small saga. John A., a modest farmer out in the Northwest, lost his wife when the sixth child was born. He struggled along for a while, making a man's mistakes. Finally he sent for a young relative, Rosa, a homeless waif from the Dust Bowl. She came into that distressed house, and in no time had everybody settled down and happy. By the time Rosa graduated from house-

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keeper to stepmother, the family was all pulling together. Perhaps she didn't get romance out of John A., but she wanted a home and children much more.

For these stepmothers who function so happily don't marry the father so much as the children. This is the fine old biological picture: mother and children complete in each other, with the father a contented onlooker. It seems settled that women fall into two types, mothers and wives. The truly maternal woman puts her children or stepchildren first, and accepts the father as part of her love for them. The wife is bound up in her husband, and the children are part of her love for him. Most women keep the family so well balanced that the type doesn't matter, but some of them swing too far in one direction, and cause trouble. Our blackest story is about a woman who loved her stepdaughter Nancy so much that her husband slowly went mad with jealousy.

So much for stepmothers. The stepwife, whose real interest is the husband, has trouble accepting his children because they belonged to his marriage with another woman. But if she is unselfish and has a healthy love for children, she may do a fine job of mothering. There is a type of stepwife who provides a real reason for the stepmother myth. She is the woman suffering from the disease of hating children. She simply resents them as intruders, often without herself realizing it. This is the type of woman whose possessive love for the father is bound to stir up jealousy and turn the family into the eternal triangle. The nearest we can come to the classic Snow White story is this case history:

Eliot V. and his second wife Margaret lived like Tristan and Isolde for years, glad to have no children, and resenting the existence of Eliot's first wife and his daughter. The daughter, when her mother died, had to come and live with the two people she knew had always hated her. Margaret couldn't see the girl's insecurity; all she could see was the wreck of her own romance. On the very first day, she gave Snow White the poisoned apple. She accused her of stealing a handkerchief and then lying about it. Life in that household remains a hell.

In pioneer and frontier days when women died off like flies, the stepmother was simply the next woman on the job, and nobody had time to bother with adjustments, psychological problems, conflicts, and other curses of the machine

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age. Nowadays we have a whole class of stepmothers who inherit by way of divorce, and who have no very close relation to their stepchildren. Perhaps the children are living with their mother, or spend most of their time at boarding school, or camp around with their parents and relatives. The stepmother gets the blame for most of these complicated messes; and of course, she is pulled out of shape as much as anybody. For one thing, the financial strain of keeping up two households often means a restricted budget for the second wife, and sometimes prevents her from having children of her own.

III

Sometimes it is the father who breaks up the new household. In two cases, the father, having been sole parent for some time, was too possessive about his child. Sidney L. created such a gulf between his son and the children of the second marriage that it smashed. Joel W. broke up three marriages, mostly because he kept his daughter living with her aunt, and wouldn't even allow his wives a chance to be stepmothers, so they felt affronted.

Did you ever hear the story of the wicked stepchild? The breed is at least as real as the wicked stepmother. We know of two charming Southern girls, twins, who had already sent one stepmother to Reno, and did not propose to have another. Whenever their father presented a candidate for the job, they would go to work on her, subtly running their father down, and describing the horrors of life under a stepmothership. Then they would promise their father to try to bear the impending martyrdom. He recognized the threat, and tried again. Finally he gave up the whole idea.

Stepfathers have an easier time, because they are not so close to the child as the mother. But they are in more physical danger. Major B. had to send his kicking, screaming stepson to military school. And stepfathers are often so captivated by the daughters that they tend to relegate the mother to a stepmother rating. Amos B. acted as if nobody loved his stepdaughter but himself, which was neither true nor funny. Harold G., by persistent coddling of his stepdaughter, so aroused his wife's jealousy that she turned into a shrew and made her own daughter a Cinderella, obliged to scrub all the sticky frying-pans.

A born mother can bring her own children into a second mar-

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riage, accept her stepchildren, and produce a third brood, with never a broken nose. A woman who finds one child difficult will find an assortment just that much harder to manage. The child's only problem is to get a real mother, but the stepmother has all a mother's burdens, plus special difficulties of her own. Her deepest trouble is that she is not the physical mother of the children, nor the first (romantic) wife of the man. She is dealing with life at one remove, and her own instincts have not been satisfied.

There are less profound troubles: the mother's ghost in the house, or the meddling visits of the divorced wife; the house itself, never quite hers; a family stamped by another woman in habits and tastes. The galling fact that she is always being compared, even favorably, with the first woman in the field; the fact that she must begin, not with a real honeymoon, but with a family suffering the triple strain of losing the mother, going through an interval of neglect or more probably spoiling, and taking on a new mother. And life is a twenty-four hour job, with no second chances. As a soda-fountain boy put it, "You'll take things from your mother that you won't from a stepmother." She needs fairness, humor, tact, flexibility, and a great many other qualities mothers often slide along without. Every bit of love she gets from her stepchildren she must earn by the sweat of her brow.

You see, everybody expects stepmothers to be perfect, like mothers.

INTELLECTUAL FALLACIES

VI

That Cleopatra was an Egyptian.

Comment: Cleopatra was a Ptolemy. The Ptolemies were Greeks, whose dynasty in Egypt ended with Cleopatra. Moreover, they were exceedingly inbred, even incestuous; hence Cleopatra probably had little Egyptian blood.

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THE CONEY ISLAND PIRATES

By Harland Manchester

On Friday morning, April 22, 1831, hundreds of boats of all descriptions set out from the Battery, carrying curious New Yorkers to Ellis Island. Charles Gibbs, picturesque pirate leader, and Thomas J. Wansley, his mulatto lieutenant, were to be hanged on a double gibbet, thus bringing to a climax the principal sensation of the winter. Since the November night when they and their companions had landed in a longboat on Barren Island in Jamaica Bay with bags of specie and a doubtful story of escape from a sinking vessel, public fervor had been mounting.

Once in jail, Gibbs had indulged in a breast-beating orgy of confession, giving an imposing list of plank-walkings and scuttled ships. The eloquent Mr. Gibbs had lived, according to his story, a full and contemplative life, alternating the practice of his trade with periods of quiet retirement. He was a native of Providence, Rhode Island, and was thirty-seven when he undertook the project which was to bring him to the gallows.

The whole thing began when he sat on a New Orleans dock and watched the loading of the Boston brig *Vineyard*, commanded by Captain William Thornby. In addition to the bales of cotton, casks of molasses and hogsheads of sugar, there were certain small kegs that made the stevedores grunt too much to contain ordinary merchandise. Gibbs, professionally quick at analyzing cargo, decided that they contained specie. He then encountered Wansley, another pirate-at-large seeking an opening. They made a survey, and found that the kegs contained $50,000 in silver which was being shipped to Philadelphia.

Captain Thornby picked up his crew on the waterfront shortly before sailing. Wansley landed the steward's berth, and Gibbs shipped as seaman, bringing with him one E. Church and an eighteen-year-old English boy named Robert Dawes, recent shipmates on the *Lexington* from Boston. Other seamen were Henry Atwell of Boston, who was soon to come in handy,

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and two honest men, Thomas Talbot and John Brownrigg.

On November 9th, with the last keg of treasure and the last pirate safely on board, Captain Thornby ordered sail, and the *Vineyard* plowed across the balmy Gulf toward Florida Cape. For five days Gibbs was a model seaman. On the sixth day out, he and Church began to sound out the non-piratical members of the crew. They decided that Atwell of Boston would be ready when the time came. When they told Dawes, Talbot and Brownrigg about the money and their scheme, Brownrigg said he would "have nothing to do with the dirty business," Talbot wouldn't believe there was money on board, but Dawes consented for fear of his life.

Thirteen days out, when the brig had worked north to a point off Cape Hatteras, Gibbs passed word that the time had come to strike. After midnight, when Dawes was at the wheel, Captain Thornby came up from the cabin and stood beside him. Wansley crept up, seized a pump brake and hit the captain over the head with it. Captain Thornby groaned, yelled "Murder!" and fell to the deck. Gibbs appeared, and he and Wansley, lifting the captain by hands and feet, swung the body overboard. Church and Atwell then overpowered mate Roberts and threw him over. He called for help and swam alongside until his strength gave out. As soon as it was light, Wansley washed the bloodstains from the deck. They looked for Talbot and found him at his bunk, praying. Gibbs gave him and Brownrigg their choice between following the officers and taking their share of the loot, and they decided to live. They brought up the ten money kegs, and found that each contained $5040. They stove in the heads and divided the money by bulk, giving each man about $7200. Gibbs sternly ordered the men not to gamble with their shares; it might lead to trouble. He found canvas, and ordered each man to sew up his share in a bag.

When Gibbs went to the cabin to look at the ship's papers, he received a nasty shock. He learned that the money was consigned to the Bank of the United States at Philadelphia, which most people identified with one of its directors, irascible, influential, one-eyed Stephen Girard. Gibbs said that Girard would never rest until he got them, so they decided to abandon the ship as soon as they could.

Gibbs plotted a course for Long Island and put Dawes at the wheel. "They kept me hard at

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work, while they stayed below drinking, and eating nuts and oranges, living on the fat," the boy complained later to the police. On a Sunday afternoon, five days after they had taken over the ship, they sighted the lonely spit of Coney Island, and Gibbs decided to leave the ship. They lowered the longboat and the jollyboat, and loaded them with the money bags and their ditty-boxes. They bored holes in the brig's bottom, set a fire in the cabin, and rowed away.

They rowed east, following the coast to what is now called Rockaway Inlet, and through it to Jamaica Bay. In the longboat were Gibbs, Wansley, Brownrigg and Dawes, as well as about $35,000 of the loot. The others, Church, Atwell and Talbot, occupied the smaller boat with the balance of $15,000. Soon they heard breakers ahead of them. By this time it was dark, and they could judge their landing only by the sound of the surf and the feel of the swell beneath them. Gibbs threw over a box of clothes to lighten the longboat for running the bar. It wasn't enough, and over the protest of the others, he threw out a few bags of money. He shouted to the men in the overloaded jollyboat to do likewise, but they had already been shortchanged, and they refused. After a few minutes, Gibbs called out and there was no answer. Two days later the empty jollyboat was found off Coney Island. The three men were never seen again.

II

The sky was getting gray when the longboat with the four survivors landed on the marshy shore of Barren Island. The men filled their pockets with what silver they could carry, and buried the rest in the dunes, leaving their coats to mark the spot. Then they encountered a gunner, out for a morning flight of ducks. They were shipwrecked sailors, they told him, and he took them to the only house on the island, owned by a man named Johnson. Johnson gave them food, drink and beds.

All the men went to bed except John Brownrigg, a doleful, middle-aged Englishman. He lingered for another drink with his host, and when he was sure that the others were asleep, he told Johnson the story of the mutiny, explaining that he and Dawes had been forced to join the plot. The next day Gibbs insisted that they pay Johnson for the night's lodging. They gave him eleven Mexican silver dollars, a sword cane, a spy glass and a silver watch.

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Convinced by their generosity that Brownrigg had told the truth, Johnson decided that the police should talk with these shipwrecked mariners. He offered to row them to Long Island, and there he took them to Samuel Leonard's tavern at Gravesend. Leaving them over their ale, he called the Flushing authorities. Wansley ran out the back door when the police came in, but they caught him. None of the others resisted. Police turned their pockets out and counted up a total of $2452.48, which they considered evidence enough to take them to New York for further questioning.

No forceful coaxing was needed. On the way to town, Dawes, in between spasms of laughter, gave a hilarious account of the *Vineyard's* voyage and the doing in of the officers. Bristling with indignation, Gibbs accused the boy of inaccuracy, and Wansley chimed in with his version. By the time the debate was over they were in Bellevue Prison, and the police had a fair idea of what had happened.

Soon after he was jailed, Gibbs proclaimed his desire to "tell the story of a life of piracy." Police Magistrate Hopson was sent to take his confession. It was festooned with heroic passages and pious regrets. At first he claimed to be the son of former Governor William C. Gibbs of Rhode Island. The son of another Rhode Island governor had been captured by pirates and forced to join them, and this may have inspired Gibbs. Later he retracted the claim, and before the execution he asked to be baptized "in my real name, James D. Jeffers."

He had served in the War of 1812 on the warships *Hornet* and *Chesapeake*, he said. He had opened a grocery store in Boston, gone bankrupt, and then, like many Rhode Islanders of the day, had shipped on privateers. He had mutinied with the crew of the Colombian ship *Maria*, acting as leader, and they "hoisted the black flag and declared war against all nations."

For a time, Hopson had his tongue in his cheek, but when Gibbs told of establishing a stronghold at Cape Antonio on the west tip of Cuba, and striking a deal with a merchant of Havana to sell booty on a fifty-fifty basis, the magistrate's ears pricked up. This checked with known facts. Hopson talked with shipping firms, and asked Gibbs for names, dates and places. Gibbs wrote down a partial list of twenty American, English, Dutch, French and Genoese vessels which he and his gang had plundered. Many of these items

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tallied exactly with reports of missing ships.

After most of the ships in his list, Gibbs noted "vessel and crew destroyed," but he made it clear to Mr. Hopson that there was room for honest sentiment even beneath the black flag. When he overhauled the *Providence*, from his native city, he let her pass because he "could not kill his own townspeople," contenting himself with the $10,000 on board, and he always regretted that it was once necessary to make a woman captive walk the plank. This philosophic humanitarianism interfered with his business. He retired with $30,000 and went to Liverpool, determined to "live like a gentleman." Disaster awaited him. "I fell in with a woman, who I thought was all virtue, but she deceived me," he said. He took to drinking, and soon his money was gone. Then he went to Tunis, where he made another serious mistake. He was on his way to offer his services to the Dey of Algiers, who was at war with France. But he stopped to "contemplate the ruins of Carthage, and revive my recollections of her war with the Romans." He never reached the Dey, and while he was waiting to be hanged, he frequently exclaimed, "Oh, if I had only gone into Algiers!"

Then he returned to Boston, shipped to New Orleans, and saw the kegs of silver being loaded on the *Vineyard*. Mr. Hopson asked him why he, who had been accustomed to command, was willing to take a berth as a common sailor. "I sought employment," he replied, "to assuage the horrors of reflection."

III

The pirates spent their final days in literary composition. Clergymen who labored to save their souls at least influenced their style. Gibbs left a long letter for his Liverpool flame, who, by an odd coincidence, was also in Bellevue, though not for piracy. "My breast is like the tempestuous ocean," he wrote, "raging in its own shame, harrowing up the bottom of my own soul. But I look forward to that serene calm when I shall sleep with kings and counsellors of the earth." He capped off his letter with some verses, which began:

Rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll . . .

And Wansley had written a hymn for his approaching demise. "In a clear voice but humble tone," he sang before they took him from the prison:

When on this you do glance an eye

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O let it calm your breast
To think that Wansley has gone on high
With Jesus for to rest.

At nine o'clock on the day of the hanging the spectators were milling about the base of the ingenious double gibbet erected for the occasion. For an hour the crowd waited restlessly, then a shout went up. The steamboat *Bellona*, which bore the prisoners, was chugging up to the pier. Down the gangplank swept a detachment of Marines, sandwiching the manacled pirates. Behind them walked U. S. Marshal Thomas Morris, who was in charge of the execution. The group disappeared in the fort. The crowd waited, while anxious late-comers piled out of boats and rushed toward the hubbub. Word went around that the hanging had been delayed till noon at the special request of the prisoners. They were finally brought out at 11:30, to give them time to deliver the farewell addresses which they had painstakingly prepared.

They walked steadily to the gibbet. Deputy Marshal Reed dropped the nooses lightly about their necks, and motioned to Gibbs that he might speak. He bowed as deeply as the rope would permit, and began:

"Good people who surround me here with this fatal cord around my neck, soon to appear before that just God Whom I have so offended: In youth I was on board a vessel of war, and took an oath that at any other time would seem horrible to me. I kept it, and was a murderer, and I hope you will all take warning by my fate. . . ."

He went on at length, concluding with an expression of complete confidence in his future estate. Wansley, before making his speech, asked a minister to join him in singing a Psalm, and many of the spectators chimed in. He then recited a long and solemn farewell.

The swan songs were over at last, and the impatient crowd shuffled about to get a better view of the new hanging device, news of which had whetted public interest. The pirates were to be "hanged up instead of down." There was a U-shaped scaffold, and ropes ending in nooses were passed over pulleys through holes in the top bar. Five 56-lb. weights were tied to the outer end of each rope, and the condemned men would be jerked up from the ground simultaneously when the weights were released by cutting a cord with a hatchet.

All was ready when Gibbs, who had been inspecting the tackle critically, called the officiating doctor to his side. The crowd relaxed while the two conferred in a low tone. Gibbs wanted to know whether he could die easier by

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holding his breath or by breathing out. The doctor advised him to breathe out. Gibbs nodded and deflated his chest. He dropped a handkerchief which he held in his hand, signalled to the Deputy Marshal that he was ready. Reed raised the hatchet and cut the cord.

Police searched in vain for the silver. So far as anyone knows, it is still hidden in the sands of Barren Island, which has been mauled out of all recognition since the pirates landed. It is no longer an island, but a peninsula. Four million cubic yards of filling were dumped on it to make Floyd Bennett Airport, and it was messed up again when the Marine Parkway was cut through. A vague, recurring legend of pirate treasure has persisted among the squatters. About thirty families and a flock of amiable milch goats still cling to the ramshackle metropolitan outpost, and some of them remember that in the middle twenties an aged islander named Rhoder dug for buried money. He had a marine gasoline station at the southern end of the island — the point where a longboat from Coney Island would be most likely to land.

Now Rhoder is dead, and the site of his excavations has been taken over by the city. Park Commissioner Robert Moses plans to clean it up, and a group of WPA workers have been smoothing it with shovels and rakes. The new man at the gas station glares at them from a rotting wharf, and occasionally bellows: "Brigands! Pirates!" But he has never heard of Gibbs or Wansley. He is speaking of the Administration.

DWELLING PLACE

The damp earth turned before my plow;
The earth that held some centuries dead;
It smelled a cool and cleaner place
Than where men strive and toil for bread.

— Garland B. Fisher

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THE THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

Even the most scrupulous theatre critic now and then finds himself remittently pulling his thumb for something or other. It may be a favorite mummer of other days, now superannuated and bravely trying to carry on, or some pretty young kid fluttering her still insufficient wings toward the heaven of her Duse dreams. Or it may be, among other things, an organization like the Playwrights' Company which seeks to give reputable writers for the stage an independent, uncorrupted and intelligent production, or a playwright like Maxwell Anderson who tries sincerely to bring to the American drama a higher measure of eloquence and beauty.

It is the latter two that at the moment bring me, as one such sociable critic, to scrutinize my thumb a bit more realistically than usual. Taking a good, hard look at it, I wonder if in either case it is going to stand much further tugging. The Playwrights' Company, made up of the Messrs. Sherwood, Behrman, Anderson and Rice, worries its elasticity a great deal. Though still basically of applaudable design, the aforesaid company discourages it by a seemingly arbitrary determination that most of the plays it puts on shall in one way or another either draw parallels with contemporary world events or admonish us with analogical implications of something awful that is going to happen to us if we don't wake up. A little of such stuff goes a long way, and the company is loading it on too heavily. We have, I dare say, had enough now of Lincolns used to remind us of the error of subjugating and enslaving a race, of Connecticut real-estaters employed to hint at the danger of Nazi invasion, of Finland held up as an admonitory mirror to our American mood of laissez-faire, of Spanish war deserters meeting up with Hitlerian analogies in the Florida keys and roused to a realization of danger to home and mankind — even of comedies elaborately self-doubtful of their own validity in the present time of stress and of musical shows that identify the racketeering politics of Peter Stuyvesant's New Amsterdam with those of the New York of today. To say nothing, most re-

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cently, of Jesus sacrificed to make a Roman holiday by way of intimating the eventual triumph of presently oppressed and persecuted Jewry.

This brings us directly to Maxwell Anderson who is responsible for the Jesus play in question (it is called *Journey to Jerusalem*) and who now more than ever before makes us fearful of dactylitis.

For all those admirable qualities which his sympathetic critics have long freely allowed to him — sincerity, dignity, lofty aim, — it becomes increasingly and disturbingly apparent that this Anderson as playwright remains largely a small boy strutting about in an adult's frock coat and that, whatever the noble thoughts that agitate him and the noble acts that inspire him, he is unable to make them in written performance seem much other than whimsically juvenile. It would be unfair to say that he is always pretentious; he is not. But the unhappy fact is that he gives off that impression. It also would be unfair to say that he is merely rhetorical when he would be poetically eloquent. He sometimes isn't. But here again, even when he is eloquent, his eloquence has in it something of the infelicitous effect of a purple dress in the strong, hot sunlight or a too-heavy perfume in the morning. He suggests, in short, a very expensive enameled egg-beater functioning brilliantly over a large soufflé bowl that contains only half the white of one egg, a dribble of milk, and no butter, flour, or sugar.

In *Journey to Jerusalem*, treating of Jesus' pilgrimage at the age of twelve to the annual Passover feast and His borning consciousness of His future tragic mission on earth, along with the parallel with the plight of modern Jewry above noted, Anderson brings even further deficiencies to his already deficient craft. He merely states his play, failing save in one brief instance — the meeting of the young Jesus with the bandit Ishmael — even faintly to dramatize it. Except for that one moment there isn't a single dramatic situation, nor a flicker of suspensive action. It is all rather like a Chautauqua lecture on the subject by a Harvard librarian. In the way of poetic imagery, the playwright is further guilty of some of the worst clichés sounded in the theatre since Virgil Geddes last embarrassed the rafters of the Provincetown Playhouse in the Rue Macdougal, and his excursions into philosophical meditation may most politely be dismissed by allowing that he isn't materially profounder or much more preg-

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nantly original than Channing Pollock, author of that great artwork, *The Fool.*

These, I appreciate, are hard and enchafing words to write of a playwright whose aspiration is as proud and commendable as is Anderson's. But more and more he reminds me of a charming, if social-pushing, host who invites one to dinner, ushers one to a table beautifully and promisingly set, and then, after some palate-whetting hors d'oeuvres, seeks to make one oblivious of the absence of any further food with a lot of fancy talk. It would take genius to write the plays Anderson essays to write, and all he brings to them is a little talent.

There have been some objections to the playwright's physical representation of Jesus on the stage. Since the representation was sufficiently reverent, I cannot entirely share such objections, although I must agree that there was something a little spiritually discommoding in the spectacle of the Christ being performed by a young actor advertised in the program, doubtless to the goose-fleshy shudders of Anton Lang, not only as having been around the famous *Dead End* kids but as a commercial radio performer and a member of the Astoria Robins football team.

II

Frequently, when it comes to dramatic art as represented by Mr. Anderson and merely box-office art as represented by the Messrs. Kaufman and Hart, give me the latter. This isn't affected low-browism calculated to endear myself to the proletariat. I leave such chicane to Billy Phelps, Gilbert Seldes, and other such critical Moose. I mean it, quite as I do when I say, at the risk of reputation's loss, that I'll take Jerry Kern's *Music in the Air* in stead of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, de Caillavet and de Flers' *The King* in place of Congreve's *The Old Bachelor*, to say nothing of S. N. Behrman's *The Second Man* over both, and the dancing of Renée De Marco above that of nine-tenths of the women in the Ballet Russe.

There is often a lot of salami in critics' talk of the difference between a writer with high aim and one with a lesser one. The best anti-aircraft gun in the world, even if embossed with gold and embellished with the pictures of the Twelve Apostles and an aquamarine carved in the pattern of Buddha's navel, isn't worth a hoot unless it has the necessary ammunition. To praise a playwright, irrespective of his competence to do anything about it, simply because

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his aim is a lofty one is as ridiculous as it would be to praise me, for example, for a desire to be a Beaumarchais when the best I can do — as has been amply and disenchantingly proved — is to be merely a Nathan. There is no question that Anderson's aim is immensely higher than Kaufman's and Hart's, but there is also no question that four times out of five it remains all aim and little else.

The Kaufman-Hart duo evidently have no aim higher than to amuse us with cleverly imagined comedies and in the process to make some money out of us. O.K. They often do amuse us; they amuse us in an intelligent manner; and if they didn't make some money out of us for doing so we would be pretty ungrateful. What is more, in their own chosen line they show a craftsmanship and talent superior to that shown by Anderson in his. So why criticism should still go in for the notion that good comedy is fundamentally never so important as poor drama, if only the latter concern itself with some august theme and express itself in the verse form, I am afraid I wouldn't know. Nor would I know why so many otherwise judicious folk continue to believe that there is somehow something just a little cheap about laughter. The idea that loud laughter is the mark of a dumbhead and that any playwright who can make the kind of critic who believes it weep is not only something of a dramatic genius but miraculously purges that critic into a creature of profound tragic heart and mind, evades my metaphysic. Mark Twain, to be pretty banal about things, didn't aim nearly so high as his contemporary, Mrs. Humphry Ward. Worse, he was a comedian; yet which is to be picked for win, place and show?

However, nevertheless, *Deus misereatur*, *Ilias malorum*, *il rit bien qui rit le dernier*, and dammit — the latest exhibit of our anointed twain isn't all it should be. Called *George Washington Slept Here*, it has some very funny stuff in it and it again provides occasional evidence of the Kaufman-Hart skill, but on the whole it isn't anywhere up to its authors' previous peak. It is pretty good but it isn't good enough, either for them or for critical us. This is particularly true of its comic invention. The best the authors can do, for instance, about their couple who with patriotic pride buy an old house in the Pennsylvania countryside in which Washington is reported to have slept is suddenly to floor them with the news that it wasn't Washington but Benedict Arnold. This is serv-

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iceable enough for a momentary laugh, but the boys surely could have done better. I can think of some irreverent variations amply justified by historical record.

III

The local producer mind that altered the title of St. John Ervine's play, *Boyd's Shop*, to *Boyd's Daughter* is the kind that would undoubtedly change that of Brieux's *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont* to *M. Dupont's Chain Store*. So if my old friend St. John now more than ever indignantly sees fit to go about his blasting of everything in the American theatre from A to Sam Zolotow (save only that rare dramatic gem called *Night Hostess*), I won't be one to say him nay. My sole qualification to the nay is his play itself, whatever they choose to call it. While it remains that it is a play written more centripetally about a shop than about a shopkeeper's daughter, it is several hundred leagues beneath the pitch established by its author in *John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg*, that meritorious brace.

But this *Boyd's Shop-Daughter*, done originally in Liverpool about four and a half years ago and an overnight failure locally, is not the only one of St. John's later plays inferior to those he wrote in his early dramatic career. For some reason or other most of his exhibits since that time have indicated a stiff falling off. Surely, *Mary, Mary Quite Contrary*, *Anthony and Anna*, *The First Mrs. Fraser*, *People of Our Class* and *Robert's Wife* are difficult to reconcile with the distinguished talent which he never for a moment compromised with in the days of his theatrical beginnings. What it is that has come over him in the meantime I do not know and can only guess at, my guess being that it is and has been a yearning for wide and lucrative box-office popularity. All these later plays hint pretty clearly at it. The old sharp sense of character is still sometimes evident in them, and so sometimes is there visible a trace of the old astringent humor; but their bases are suspiciously hoke, and so are their themes, and so is their plot maneuvering.

In this *Boyd's Shop-Daughter* we accordingly get again that familiar Ervine standby, the younger generation in conflict with the older and, for good box-office measure, the sop that maybe the older has some pretty good hard sense after all. We also get the conventional triangular love story with the girl affianced to a prig and throwing him over for — I quote St. John's

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description — "a fine figure of a young fellow with a look on his face that is indicative partly of obstinacy but chiefly of courage and determination." We get further the female comedy character who spouts Biblical quotations, the obtrusive comic maidservant, the comfortable philosophy that there is something exceptionally lovable about people who fail in the world.

Nor do we find missing the clergyman with his breezy "Good morning, good morning, *good* morning," the bit about the money inherited from the uncle everybody thought had gone to the bad, but who had made his stake in America, the competition between an old-fashioned shop and one across the way operated on modern business principles, the character who exits in a huff and almost shatters the glass in the door as he bangs it after him, the suspicion that the character whose store has failed has himself set fire to it, the humor implicit in calling an old hen a dromedary, and the daughter who, upon making up her mind regarding the man she is going to marry, coyly inscribes "and Son" on the store blackboard after her father's name. And inevitably, as before indicated, that pet philosophy expounded in antecedent plays of St. John's: "Don't give in to this balderdash about the young bein' everything that's wonderful an' good. They aren't. There's a lot of them could do wi' a damned good skelpin', an' I'd like to be the one to give it to them."

If they had asked me about changing the play's title, I'd have recommended *George Nathan Slept Here.*

IV

Postscripts: Ed Wynn in *Boys and Girls Together* will make you laugh your head off. Ed is not only a card; he's a whole pack of them. *It Happens on Ice* is, I need hardly elaborate, another of those skating shows made familiar on a smaller scale by the St. Regis Iridium Room and New Yorker Hotel cabarets, and on a larger by the Sonja Henie spectacles in Madison Square Garden. This one is a handsome affair, and if you happen to be passionate about ice-rink acrobatics should satisfy your craving need. So far as I am concerned, however, it affects me just about the same as a very beautiful, cold woman given to a frigid, remote, and anesthetic silence. *Cabin in the Sky* is a dusky musical with the illustrious Mme. Ethel Waters in the lead and provides an uncommonly relishable evening.

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AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

BEE's *Superior California News* reports the defeat of a Fifth Column scheme by the learned fathers of Shasta County:

> A proposal to establish a county library system in Shasta County was voted down by the board of supervisors following a hearing on petitions for and against the plan.
>
> Grover E. Oaks, Redding real estate man, attacked the plan, declaring the books circulated bred communism and other isms. He said that what the country needed is practical education for a job instead of useless theory found in books.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE perquisites of high political office are defended by Senator Dennis Chavez of New Mexico in an oration preserved in the *Congressional Record:*

> I am one of those who believe that the right under the law and under the Constitution of a charwoman in a Federal building is just as sacred as that of the Secretary of the Interior. If he can talk, why can she not talk? What makes him bigger? I prefer the charwoman; she can get more votes for the New Deal.

ILLINOIS

GRAVE domestic issues are aired in pre-election debate at Mascoutah, covered by the Belleville *News:*

> Reporting the forthcoming bake sale sponsored by the Mascoutah Republican Woman's Club, Editor Arthur Jenkins wrote as follows:
>
> "Next Saturday afternoon the Republican women will hold a bake sale and everybody is invited to buy a good Republican cake. The difference is that a Democratic cake is heavy, soggy, somewhat sour and sloppy."
>
> But one of the prominent leaders of the Republican women is quoted as saying: "President Roosevelt has said this campaign shall be conducted without mud-slinging and now aspersions are cast on the ability of Democratic women to bake good cakes!"

PROGRESS of Science, as disclosed in a news release from Evanston:

> Science found out today what makes a cat spit. The answer is a brain stimulus which the cat doesn't even suspect. One point in the hypothalamus — seat of emotions at the midbase of the brain — causes the spitting when that point is stimulated with electric current, Dr. S. W. Ranson, Northwestern University neurologist, reported.

LOUISIANA

STREAMLINING of a church sociable as reported by the *State-Times* in the fast-moving city of Baton Rouge:

> Sunday school teachers and officers of the Weller Avenue Baptist Church

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were entertained at an "auto banquet" Thursday night. . . . The program, in charge of the "Chauffeur," Sunday School Superintendent Burks, was as follows:

The Horn (Sing-Song) — Elmo Dunn.

The Gas (Bible) — H. D. Meek.

The Lubricator (Fellowship) — R. D. Hayes.

The Steering Wheel (Holy Spirit) — Mrs. Meek.

The Headlights (Forward Look) — Mrs. Hayes.

The Taillights (Influence) — Mrs. Garnett.

MASSACHUSETTS

An American meets the Great Leveler, as chronicled by the *Courier-Citizen* of Lowell, where knighthood is in flower:

Sir Knight Arthur A. A. Stewart, right eminent grand commander of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, died early last night at his home, 124 Luce Street.

Mr. Stewart was a member and past master of William North Lodge, A.F. & A.M., past high priest of Mt. Horeb Royal Arch Chapter; past deputy grand high priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Massachusetts; past illustrious master of Ahasuerus Council, Royal and Selected Masters; past most illustrious grand master of the Grand Council, Royal and Select Masters of Massachusetts; past eminent commander of Pilgrim Commandery, No. 9, Knights Templar; grand commander of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, of Massachusetts and Rhode Island; past president of the Past Commanders Association of Massachusetts and Rhode Island; member of Lowell Lodge of Perfection; member of Lowell Council, Princes of Jerusalem; member and past most wise master of Mount Calvary Chapter of Rose Croix.

OREGON

Pastoral eclogue from the State Department of Agriculture bulletin:

TESTING CREAM

Oh, the job of testing cream
  Is a job that's mighty bad,
You can make a body happy,
  You can make a body sad.
If their cream is number one
  And the test is away up high,
They knock about the price a little
  But will never breathe a sigh.
If their cream is not so fancy
  And you grade it number two,
They take their can and tell you
  That they are through with you.
They most always blame the tester
  For the law the State has made,
And they do not understand it
  If their cream is not first grade.
There are some that understand it
  If their cream is thick or thin,
They take their check and tell you
  That they will be seeing you again.
And here is sincerely hoping
  When their work on earth is done,
That St. Peter's test will suit them
  And they all grade number one.

A. A. Smith, Lincoln, Ill.

(The Mercury *will pay $1 for items accepted for Americana. Those which are not used cannot be returned.*)

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

Life at the Snail's Pace

Man has always been fascinated by extremes. Just as he has been awed and spellbound by the vastnesses of interstellar space, the unimaginable voids and gulfs of his universe revealed by the telescope, so he has been marvellingly arrested by the all but immeasurable minutenesses in that realm of life which was first disclosed to his astounded contemplation by Leeuwenhoek's microscope. Similarly, just as he has always watched with a special fascination the swiftest-flying and swiftest-running of the birds and beasts, the high-flying duck hawks cutting the sky, the rushing cleft-hoofed deer, so has he always felt a particular regard, expressed in a great body of folklore and myth and fable, for a kind of creature that lives its life at a tempo which to his quick and restless spirit seems almost unbelievably slow. That creature, of course, is the common snail. It is the little whorl-shelled terrestrial mollusk that now in late fall is creeping among the withered fallen leaves in search of a winter sleeping place.

This season of the year is when the tawny weasels and snowshoe hares are taking on white pelage, for protective coloration against an earth white with snow, when the deer mice are lining their nests with shreds of cedar bark, and when everywhere in the frost-touched woods and meadows there is a rush and scurry of preparatory activity. It is the time when the snail, in keeping with the minimal quality of all its life activities, is simply becoming even less mobile than it was in summer, and is excavating minutely and with increasing torpor a shallow shelter in the light soil, preparing to become, until next spring, as unstirring and unknowing and inanimate as a bittersweet berry or a chip of stone.

A snail's life customarily begins in summer, at that peak season in the life of earth when young bluebirds are trying their wings, young spiders undertaking the spinning of their first communal webs, newly born blacksnakes gliding forth to seek in the warm meadow grass for an unwary mouse. Pre-

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cisely like a spider or a bluebird or a blacksnake, the snail makes its entrance into life from an egg. It is a tiny egg, spherical and gleaming white, and not as large as a chokeberry or Indian turnip seed. It may be part of a clutch numbering fifty or sixty or seventy, and the "nest" in which it lies is a minute hollow in the soil or soft leaf mold, or in a bed of green thick-growing moss. In this small depression, slowly and laboriously made by the parent snail at the time of laying, it lies untended while time and the warmth of the hot summer sun perform the work of incubation. Like every creature whose incubation and emergence into life are thus devoid of parental guardianship, the infant snail that presently hatches forth is equipped from birth with the physical endowments and the instincts necessary for successfully following its small obscure life course.

II

The hawk and the veering swallow depend for their lives on wings; the fox survives by fleetness and acute power of scent and sharp-pointed eyeteeth; the basic essential endowments of a brook trout are the gills whereby it can dispense with lungs. The special equipment of the snail is its spiraling brittle shell. By means of this hard covering, and of the thin layer of viscid mucus under it, evaporation of water from the snail's soft body is slowed; by the shell a creature that has means for neither fight nor flight is saved from immediate annihilation. The snail secretes the shell out of its own body — at first, in infancy, the shell is not completely formed with the curving lip which it will later have — and it does so by indirect intake of calcium carbonate from the earth. The place where the snail is born and lives its days is always, necessarily, a place where there is limestone soil.

The hard, shelly covering encasing its soft body is the snail's protection from the sun and from enemies. Its further equipments are eyes, a power of scent, and means of moving, feeding, and perpetuating its species. From the soft mucid flesh of the snail's head there project, like the antennae of a moth, two slender stems, peduncles. At the tip of each stem is an eye. These eyes are not capable of seeing, as a man's eyes are, or a bat's or a wasp's; but they are able to give the snail a dim differentiation between light and darkness. This is essential information for the snail (as it is for an earthworm or a slug), for despite the evapora-

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tion-slowing protection of its shell the snail can survive only in a moist atmosphere; it can venture to extrude its tentacled head and go creeping abroad only in the night, or when the sun is hidden. Its long-stalked eyes, informing it thus essentially, are as delicately sensitive to tactile stimuli as are the body hairs of a spider. Were they not, they might soon be broken off in the course of the snail's dim-visioned journeyings. At a touch the eyes are instantly drawn in; they are introverted, like the fingers of a glove.

Close to the long-stemmed eyes there is another pair of shorter tentacles. With the bulbs of nerves at the tips of these the snail apprehends its universe by scent. It apprehends, at any rate, all that it needs to know: it is made aware of the subtle odor of leaves. Given the means to scent the direction of its food, and elementary eyes to inform it of safe hunting-time, it is equipped to fare forth in its casing of protective shell and forage for livelihood.

The pace of the snail's foraging is so slow that movement is all but imperceptible. The human, walking, moves at three or four miles an hour; a gliding snake progresses as quickly; birds may pass through the air at fifty miles per hour. The going of the snail through the dim universe which it knows only as a blur of darkness and a faint pungence of leaves, is at so infinitesimal a speed that in the space of a full minute it progresses no farther than the length of a grass blade, the width of a maple leaf. In a night's traveling, from dusk to sunrise, the snail moves no more than the fortieth of a mile. The means of its moving is a solitary foot, an extruded mass of flesh in the base of which muscles ripple constantly in a series of slow, wave-like contractions, inching the snail minutely forward. It is a gait not only extraordinarily slow, but also extraordinarily constant and unvarying; for while the snail's foot-muscles perform their steady, rhythmic rippling, a mucus-gland at the foot's fore end secretes continually a glairy slime. Every twig and leaf and stone in the foot's path is coated and smoothed before the rippling muscles come in contact with it; friction is kept the same whatever the terrain. The snail goes forward steadily, surely, and with perfect equilibrium, for in its soft head are statocysts which help it to maintain a delicate balance.

The pattern of the snail's days is uncomplex. During the hours of hot sun it lies withdrawn in its protecting shell, in long hot spells

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even sealing the entrance with a mucid epiphragm. By night, or in the rain, it thrusts out its cold fleshy foot, extrudes its stalked, unseeing eyes, and sets forth hunting. Led by its dim scent-awareness to a leaf, the snail files gently at it with its rasping tongue, the radula, on which there are a multitude of microscopic backward-pointing teeth. It draws the tiny scraped-off particles into its primitive jaw; they pass to an intestine; in time the waste-products are voided. It is a simple and primitive kind of feeding, as simple as the snail's slow breathing — the taking of air into the mantle cavity, an elementary lung, where carbon dioxide is exchanged for oxygen. Breathing and feeding and moving at snail's-pace on its solitary foot through the darkness: these are the elements of the snail's small sluggish destiny. These, and hibernating, and the begetting of more snails.

Begetting comes in the snail's third spring, a year after the curved lip of its shell has developed and it is adult. An hermaphrodite, having sperm cells as well as eggs, the snail nevertheless couples: with infinite slowness it creeps to another snail and lies in motionless copulation. Presently thereafter it is ready to deposit in the moist leaf-mold or moss the cluster of white seed-like eggs which before fall will be a new snail generation.

In the autumn, as slowly and obscurely as it has mated, the snail hibernates. It creeps to a place where fallen leaves are accumulated, or where the earth is loosely packed. With tiny motions, slow as the movement of curling plant fronds, it digs itself a shallow shelter. As the frosts deepen, its sluggish snail blood slows; its faint awarenesses grow even fainter, and stop; an epiphragm seals the shell-entrance; the snail enters wholly into nothingness. So slow has been its life tempo that the change hardly seems a change at all. Indeed, so obscure, so sluggish, and so unaware is the snail's whole life experience that even when at last in its fourth or fifth year the snail dies, its soft flesh sucked out of the shell by a hungry raccoon, or plucked out by the black probing beak of a crow, or shrivelled by some summer day's hot sun, it is hard for man to think that what has died has been a fellow animal.

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THE LIBRARY

Wolfe, Farrell and Hemingway

By Burton Rascoe

Ernest Hemingway, in his latest novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*,[1] again demonstrates that he is the most infantile-minded writer of great talent in our time. There was a period when I thought that the late Thomas Wolfe would oust Hemingway in the race for that honor and that James T. Farrell would be the runner-up. But Wolfe grew out of his pubescence in his thirty-fifth year, and Farrell ceased being altogether a child after he had completed the second volume of his Studs Lonigan trilogy, which is to say, when he was about thirty years old.

Wolfe achieved maturity just before he died. He left a posthumous manuscript entitled *You Can't Go Home Again*.[2] It showed that long before Tom Wolfe died he had begun to see and feel and think like a grown-up man and not like an exuberant but depressed, angered and inhibited adolescent, at once arrogant toward and afraid of the world and its people, as he had shown himself to be in his magnificent but almost childishly crude and faulty novels, *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River*.

In *You Can't Go Home Again*, Wolfe is no longer the voluminously and repetitiously articulate Pantagruel of Asheville, North Carolina, ex-instructor in English at New York University, who aspired to write, instead of teaching, English, pouring out millions of unedited and even uncorrelated words about the people and the scenes he had known, and displaying on nearly every page the peculiar terror of his heart — sometimes by arrogantly glorifying this terror which was of his own gigantic size; and yet, again, pathetically resenting his abnormal heft and stature.

Forgetting his gigantism, sometimes, Wolfe would turn on the faucet of the immense reservoir

[1] *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.75.

[2] *You Can't Go Home Again*, Harper & Brothers, $3.

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of his memory; there would come bucketfuls of impressions — homely street and domestic scenes, caricatures, personal slights, personal victories, portraits of communities, of individuals, depictions of feuds, hates, loves, ambitions, jealousies, achievements, vanities and defeats. Some of these were superb, beautiful; all reflected boundless energy. Some were the mere talkativeness of a nervously tortured man, of a man who had read too much and aspired too much, a man who wished to get away from a reality and from memories of a reality which were hateful to him, a man who was eager to feel and to experience but who was harassed by a tick in the mind which prevented him from feeling at all, except in the chill recording of his writer's brain — not the heart; a man who had energy, thirst, appetite, curiosity, but who did not, until he was in his thirties, begin to deduce the simplest truths about life which any tobacco auctioneer, tobacco farmer, or Negro roustabout in the Asheville market knows with only a few years of adult experience. In the manuscript Thomas Wolfe left to be published after his death, he had become adult enough to draw some age-old truths about life — truths as old and as valid as the mightiest of those in all great literature, from the Old Testament to Mark Twain — and to express these truths with humility, clarity, force, beauty and originality.

James T. Farrell, too, as I say, came of age when he was about thirty. He ceased to admire, with the reverse admiration we call intense hate, the likes of all brutal, insensitive, conscienceless bullies such as his hero, Studs Lonigan. He began to see that though they may have their brief hour of sadistic triumph, the lamentable end of all Studs Lonigans is in dishonor, disintegration and death. In his latest novel, *Father and Son*,[3] Farrell is so much more wise, more mature, more enriching to the reader's experience than Hemingway in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, that Hemingway's novel seems like a boy's diary of his readings of nickel novels, in comparison with Farrell's mature artist's reflection upon and evaluation of what he has seen, known, felt and experienced. Farrell has even discovered that there is such a thing as individual character, sense of responsibility, honor and integrity, and that if one is vile and a brute, he cannot legitimately blame his evil inclinations and sordid satisfactions upon "society," or upon inequalities in the distribu-

[3] *Father and Son*, Vanguard, $2.75.

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tion of wealth. Among those born rich, there can also be those who are evil and sordid.

II

When I say that Hemingway is the most infantile-minded writer of great talent in our time, of course I would not do so without intention of adducing evidence in proof. I shall offer this evidence presently. But, also, I might not have stated or attempted to prove so dogmatic an assertion, if some of my greatly and justly admired confrères in criticism had not gone off the deep end about Hemingway's most recent melodrama, quite entertaining, yet surprisingly dull in spots, somewhat absurdly pretentious. I speak particularly of the unrestrained, fairly gurgling, if not entirely rational and comprehensible, encomia lavished upon the novel by my erudite friends and fellow-critics — J. Donald Adams, literary editor of the New York *Times;* John Chamberlain in the New York *Herald Tribune* "Books"; and Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, in *The Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

Dr. Canby is so completely bowled over by Hemingway's clinical details of the affair between a Missoula, Montana, University teacher of Spanish with the young daughter of a Spanish republican (the third night of love being performed under very distasteful circumstances) that he cries out, "A magnificent romance of human nature!" Dr. Canby adds with great solemnity that this almost incredibly trite, fictitious sex situation, is "one of the most touching and perfect love stories in modern literature."

As a matter of fact, at least on the masculine side, the rutting can hardly be dignified with the words "romance" or "love," for the lover, in Hemingway's novel, is a self-centered nympholept, whose idea of love is realized only when he is alone in bed after an evening spent at a movie. Listen to what Hemingway sets down as being the meditations of the man in this fiction, which Dr. Canby describes as being "one of the most touching and perfect love stories in modern literature":

> He looked at her striding happily in the sun; her khaki shirt open at the neck. She walks as a colt moves, he thought. You do not run onto something like that. Such things don't happen. Maybe it never did happen, he thought. Maybe it is like the dreams you have when some one you have seen in the cinema comes to your bed at night and is so kind and lovely. He'd slept with them all that way when he was asleep in bed. He could remember Garbo still, and Harlow. Yes, Harlow many times. . . .

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> But he could still remember the time Garbo came to his bed the night before the attack at Pozoblanco . . . and when she leaned forward her hair swept forward and over his face and she said why had he never told her that he loved her when she had loved him all this time? She was not shy, nor cold, nor distant. She was just lovely to hold and kind and lovely and like the old days with Jack Gilbert and it was as true as though it happened and he loved her much more than Harlow though Garbo was only there once while Harlow —
>
> Maybe I could reach over and touch that Maria now, he said to himself. Maybe you would find out that it never happened and it was not true and it was something you made up like those dreams about the people of the cinema or how all your old girls come back and sleep in that robe at night. . . . They all came to that robe when he was asleep and they were all *much nicer than they had ever been in real life.* [Italics mine, B. R.]

If that is what Hemingway and Dr. Canby think goes on in the mind of a great lover, the late Lou Tellegen was a great lover. Tellegen wrote a whole book about his prowess in love, and his intimacies consisted mainly of stuff like the quotation above. He entitled his book *Women Have Been Kind.* He hadn't read the above quotation, so he left out "And Lovely." One can understand and forgive Dr. Canby's ideas about perfect love stories. He is an eminent scholar who treads the shades of Academe engrossed with the lofty thoughts of the sages from Plato to Thoreau. He probably has never seen, much less has read, such contemporary and extremely popular media for the literature of romance, great resolve and derring-do as *Flying Aces*, *High Adventure*, and *Red Star True Confessions.* They are magazines which are vulgarly referred to in the trade as the "pulps." The essence of each of any one issue of these three magazines is the essence of *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* Admittedly, Hemingway is a very great stylist; admittedly the pulp magazine writers are not. But what is this that my brilliant colleague, J. Donald Adams, writes of *For Whom the Bell Tolls?* He says:

> . . . it is not a depressing but an uplifting book. It has the purging quality that lies in the presenting of tragic but profound truth. Hemingway has freed himself from the negation that held him in his other novels.

And here is what another brilliant colleague, John Chamberlain, writes of the same novel:

> Hemingway may once have blushed for the world's hypocrisy when he heard the words "heroism" and "patriotism"; as intellectual coinage he rated them as clamshells or wampum. Now, however, he seems certain they are the real valuta. If Archibald MacLeish still thinks of Hemingway as an underminer of the soldierly virtues he will have to change his mind.

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I read the same book they did. I can only say they must be thinking about two other fellows, not Hemingway.

III

One of the principal characters in the novel is Pablo. When we meet him, he is a drunkard, a coward, the butt of the obscene insults of his gross slut of a wife; and he is living in a cave inside the Fascist lines with her, with an orphan girl who has been raped by the Fascists, and with four gypsies — all disillusioned but Loyalists still. This Pablo is a filthy ruin, yet Pilar, his wife, had been attracted to him because he was such "a brutal and intelligent" Loyalist organizer and leader. Pablo had cleverly captured the civil guard of a Fascist town. He made the prisoners kneel down in a row and passed from one to the other, shooting each in the back of the head. Then he had some fun (according to his lights) with the mayor, the miller, an imbecile youth, a poor old fellow who owns a hardware shop, and sixteen other non-combatant villagers. Pablo ordered them into the town-hall and sent a priest in to give them the last sacraments. As they emerged, one by one, he had a gantlet of peasants armed with threshing flails beat them to death and throw their bodies over a cliff. Later in the novel, Pablo has gone "soft," apathetic and inactive; his killings bother his conscience and he stupefies himself constantly with wine; his wife loathes him because he has lost his manhood; his gypsy companions hate and distrust him, though they, too, wish to have no more of war.

What sort of praise of the soldierly virtues is that?

Again, Hemingway has a runner try to get a vitally important message to a Loyalist brigade commander on the eve of an attack. Although the runner's papers are in order he is delayed at every turn by incompetence and stupidity in the Loyalist high command until finally he falls into the clutches of General Marty, a Russian communist who is as crazy as a bedbug. Marty has so great a passion for liquidating "Divagationists, Trotskyites and Traitors," that, instead of devoting his energies to killing Fascists, he has whole troops of his peasant soldiers lined up and shot by their comrades as divagationists from the party-line — for "political reasons." Comrade Marty, of course, is seized with the fixed idea that the runner is a divagationist and orders him arrested and held without even examining his cre-

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dentials or paying the least attention to pleas that the message is urgent. This delay is fatal to the Loyalist plans; the American teacher of Spanish who has joined their forces blows up a bridge as ordered, but is mortally wounded in the fight that follows. It is all pretty puerile.

Again, what comfort will MacLeish take in this sort of estimate of the soldierly virtues, these meditations of Anselmo, the old Loyalist peasant, who is the noblest character in the book:

> I hope I am not for the killing, Anselmo was thinking. I think that after the war there will have to be some great penance done for the killing. If we no longer have religion after the war then I think there must be some form of civic penance organized that all may be cleansed from the killing or else we will never have a true and human basis for living. The killing is necessary, I know, but still the doing of it is very bad for a man. . . . I think any one doing it will be brutalized in time.

Repeatedly, Hemingway puts such sentiments in the mouths of his characters. Repeatedly, he describes the brutalizing effects of war upon the nature of men. There is even a final (and doubtless intentional) irony in those words of the American whose death is only an hour away: "I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we win everywhere. The world is a fine place and worth fighting for and I hate very much to leave it." For the Loyalists did not win that war; the ideal for which those Americans and other foreigners joined them is in ashes; even the ideal itself was made a fraud and a mockery by the Moscow communists who, while pretending to serve it, sabotaged it. Even Hemingway, once so illusioned about communism that he denounced Dos Passos for his bitter exposé of the Stalinist "liquidations" of foreign volunteers in the Loyalist cause who put the cause of the Loyalists ahead of the cause of Stalin; yes, even Hemingway admits all that now.

In fact, the reason this novel seems to be so pointless in theme appears to be that when Hemingway began to write it, he had one set of illusions about communism and its identity with the Spanish Loyalist cause and that, as he progressed with the writing, his illusions dissolved, leaving him with doubts that it is good to die for something you believe in. His point of view vanishes. Hemingway is not yet mature-minded enough to know that, though it may be good to die for something you believe in, it is important that what you believe in should have validity.

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THE CHECK LIST

FICTION

IF IT PROVE FAIR WEATHER, by Isabel Paterson. $2.50. *Putnam.* Witty and realistic story of a middle-aged love affair in which a brilliant and sophisticated unmarried woman repeatedly tries to get a rather stupid but amiable married man, whom she loves, to bed with her. She is frustrated by his rigidly puritanical scruples and by the very fact that he loves her and, though he is not moralistic in casual couplings, cannot commit adultery with a woman he loves.

GIVE ME LIBERTY, by John Erskine. $2.50. *Stokes.* The liveliest and best novel Mr. Erskine has written since *The Private Life of Helen of Troy.* It is the ironical story of a Virginia farmer — neighbor of the fiery Patrick Henry — who is quite content with his lot in life and with the *status quo* and is most unwillingly dragged into the world-shaking event of the American Revolution by Henry and their other neighbor, George Washington. This historical novel is sound and delightful and it is as "significant" as any on the stands in the present time, including the novels of Hemingway, Wolfe, Farrell, Wells, Mann, Romains or Feuchtwanger.

THE ILL-MADE KNIGHT, by T. H. White. $2.50. *Putnam.* With whimsical British humor, the author of *The Sword in the Stone* here gives us a new version (and probably as authentic as any) of that unfortunate but piquant affair between Guinevere (who was left too much alone at home by her husband, King Arthur), and Lancelot. A classical romance in very, very modern Bond Street dress.

SUCH IS THE KINGDOM, by Thomas Sugrue. $2.50. *Holt.* A warm and human novel of life on Kelly Hill, the Irish section of a small town during the passage of one year. The young, the old, the happy and the sad, are seen predominantly through the eyes of Jamie, a small boy — a Studs Lonigan uninfluenced by the evil of a great city. Mr. Sugrue in his first novel shows talent for weaving a rich picture.

NON-FICTION

YANKEE REPORTER, by S. Burton Heath. $3. *Wilfred Funk.* There is nothing of the colorful or glamorous in this autobiography of a Pulitzer Prize winner for distinguished reporting; the style is as bare and bleak as a late October hillside in Vermont where Mr. Heath grew up as a boy to become a country-weekly editor destined to stardom as a reporter in New York. But in his laconic, honest, serious New England way, Mr. Heath has a grand story to tell. When he sizes up men like La Guardia, Willkie, Roosevelt, Seabury, Al Smith, Adolph Berle and other personages whom he has had occasion to interview and to watch in action, these men (and the reader) know they have been "sized up" with no concessions to their vanity or to popular ideas concerning them, but in direct, disabused, forthright Vermont fashion. The last three chapters of this book, having to do with the administration of justice in the five boroughs of New York, with the paternal political parasitism of Tammany, with the tinpot-Caesarism of Frank Hague of Jersey City, and with crooked lawyers, crooked judges and dishonest bank and insurance deals, are particularly valuable.

HARBOR OF THE SUN, by Max Miller. $3. *Doubleday, Doran.* In 1542 Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo, a Portuguese sailing under the

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Spanish flag on two ships knocked together from driftwood on the West Coast of Mexico, dropped anchor in what is now known as San Pedro harbor, San Diego, California, and to the amazement of the naked Indians came ashore in a dory, planted a flag and claimed all the land, north, east and south in the name of H. M. Charles of Castille. This is one of the most magnificent natural harbors in the world and one of the most romantic; for it is the home of the Pacific fleet. Max Miller has told the story of this harbor down to the present time in that charming, simple, humorous manner that is peculiarly Max Miller's.

A COLORED WOMAN IN A WHITE WORLD, by Mary Church Terrell. $2.50. *Randell, Inc., Washington, D. C.* Mrs. Terrell, a pioneer woman suffragist as well as a pioneer Negro educator and campaigner for equal rights for the people of her race, here writes an autobiography which in its poignant story of social injustice, racial discrimination and oppression, is a terrible indictment of our professed democracy. Mrs. Terrell herself triumphed over the handicaps of her birth and poverty; but only against such great odds that she has dedicated a long and busy life to the betterment of the conditions of her people and to their emancipation from an economic and social slavery which has often been worse than the physical slavery from which they were freed by civil war.

MY NAME IS MILLION. Anonymous. $2.50. *Macmillan.* An Englishwoman married to a Pole lived through the crowded horrors of the invasion of Poland. She records that experience in all its soul-searing detail, and the result is as intimate, as shattering as though the reader lived through it himself.

PISTOLS AT TEN PACES, by William Oliver Stevens. $3. *Houghton Mifflin.* The first comprehensive study of "the most ruthless murder cult ever known" and of the code duello as it was practiced in America, together with accounts of such famous "affairs of honor" as the Archer-Crump, the Hamilton-Burr, the Ritchie-Plesants, the Jackson-Dickinson, the Randolph-Clay duels in the East, and the Broderick-Terry duel in California. Illustrated.

MARXISM, IS IT A SCIENCE? by Max Eastman. $3.00. *Norton.* For a number of years now Max Eastman has disputed the "scientific" pretensions of Marxian economics, politics and philosophy. He has argued convincingly that Marx, and especially his disciples down the decades, are really devoted to a pseudo-materialist religious faith. In this book the author has developed the subject fully. He has packed a libraryful of Marxism into 350 pages of reading that is irresistible to anyone in the slightest way interested in the subject.

LET THERE BE SCULPTURE, by Jacob Epstein. $5.00. *Putnam.* This autobiography of the most controversial figure among living artists has much of the vitality and massiveness of his sculpture and will make a lot of people almost as angry. Copiously illustrated with reproductions of his most famous works.

I SAW FRANCE FALL, by René de Chambrun. $2.50. *Morrow.* The author is the son-in-law of Laval and is now in America defending the Vichy regime. His book consequently ran head-on into prejudice and received less than its due from the critics. It is a well-told story in personal terms — the story of France's collapse as seen by a soldier in the thick of the tragedy; and it is highly dramatic and clearly honest, whatever one may think of his specific political judgments.

BATTLE SHIELD OF THE REPUBLIC, by Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson. $1.50. *Macmillan.* As America's defense effort goes forward, the revealing light of critical appraisal has been turned on the legend of our military invincibility. Now, here is a readable and stimulating volume which analyzes dispassionately the reasons why the U. S. Army has been behind the times, and makes realistic proposals for saving time and securing adequate armament and training. The author, many years a regular Army officer, was Mili-

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tary Attaché in London before his retirement and was also attached to the Japanese and French General Staffs. He finds bureaucratic slackness, apathy toward new weapons and a weak promotion system among the major fissures in our armor. The book is a fine piece of handwriting on the wall.

A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LETTERS, edited by M. Lincoln Schuster. $3.75. *Simon & Schuster.* The first letter in this remarkably intelligent anthology of private correspondence was addressed by Alexander the Great to Darius III, in 334 B.C.; the last was addressed by Thomas Mann to the Dean of Bonn University, in 1937. The sweep of time is matched by the sweep of subject-matter, authorship, variety of styles. A veritable feast of reading, adding the sauce of eavesdropping to the solid meat of history and literature.

EYE WITNESS, by 22 members of the Overseas Press Club, edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. $2.75. *Alliance.* A sequel to last year's best-seller, *Inside Story.* Again a group of current and past foreign correspondents offer a chapter each from their professional experiences. The writing ranges from bad to first-rate, with the average none too high. But the substance is exciting throughout. The contributors include Peggy Hull, Linton Wells, Josef Israels II, George E. Sokolsky, Thomas M. Johnson, Maurice Dekobra, Emil Lengyel, Amy Vanderbilt, Burnet Hershey and Eugene Lyons.

WINGS AT MY WINDOW, by Ada Clapham Govern. $2.50. *Macmillan.* A sincerely and simply told story of a household invalid who finds a new joy in living through the birds that come to her window. She learns their names and habits, and she feeds and cares for them and makes a bird sanctuary of the woods near her home. A must for nature lovers.

THIS SECOND WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, by William S. Schlamm. $2.00. *Dutton.* The overused label "brilliant" comes inevitably to mind in reading through this little volume. It *is* brilliant. Mr. Schlamm, a distinguished Austrian journalist now in the process of Americanization in our midst, analyzes the second World War, particularly in relation to America's problems. He discards the threadbare excuses for the collapse of European democracies, demolishes the apologetics for totalitarian barbarism of all colors, and lays bare the need for immediate and passionate defense of democratic values. Liberal intellectuals will get little satisfaction out of Mr. Schlamm's vigorous truth-telling. Honest democrats will find stirring expression of their inarticulate inner knowledge. The final chapter, in which the author ridicules the pampering of Hitler's and Stalin's agents in the name of formalistic notions of civil liberty, should be made compulsory reading for anyone who fancies himself a liberal.

HOW DEAR TO MY HEART, by Mary Margaret McBride. $2.00. *Macmillan.* An autobiography of the early years on a Missouri farm of the well-known journalist and radio broadcaster. An idyllic picture of rural life, with some fine recipes for old-time cookery.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY

THE COCK OF HEAVEN, by Elder Olson. $2.00. *Macmillan.*

WEEP AND PREPARE, by Raymond E. F. Larsson. $2.50. *Coward McCann.*

CANTOS LII-LXXI, by Ezra Pound. $2.50. *New Directions.*

THE WHITE CLIFFS, by Alice Duer Miller. $1.00. *Coward McCann.*

NEW ZEALAND POEMS, by Eileen Duggan. $1.25. *Macmillan.*

AGAINST THE COLD, by Witter Bynner. $2.00. *Knopf.*

THE ARROW AT THE HEEL, by Raymond Holden. $2.00. *Holt.*

RETURN AGAIN, TRAVELER, by Norman Rosten. $2.00. *Yale University Press.*

LYRIC MODERNS, edited by Tom Boggs. $1.50. *James A. Decker.*

BEHIND THE LINES, by A. A. Milne. $1.75. *Dutton.*

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THE OPEN FORUM

PSYCHIATRY AND EDUCATION

SIR: The article in your October issue entitled, "A Psychiatrist Indicts Education," by Dr. C. C. Burlingame, strikes a definitely responsive chord with me. Though I am not of Dr. Burlingame's profession, and though I do belong to the teaching profession which he impugns, at least I am a non-orthodox member of that profession. What he says has been my positive conviction for the twenty-five to thirty years that I have been engaged in adolescent education, and I greatly appreciate the support given to our vocational program by the publication of his views.

We in vocational education have been able to make relatively little progress during the past twenty years, despite the industrial need and the individual needs outlined by Dr. Burlingame. We are perfectly aware that the reason we fail to make progress is that our academic superiors do everything they can to prevent the program from expanding. The secret of the situation, of course, is found in the fact that the expansion of vocational education would mean a reduction in the ranks of the teachers now engaged in general education at the high-school level, few of whom are qualified to instruct vocational classes.

A VOCATIONAL DIRECTOR

New York.

SIR: C. C. Burlingame, M.D., "is one of the foremost alienists in the country," as you said of him. He is also scared out of his wits. He is suffering from an ailment that is afflicting a great many men of his age and position. This is the first time, however, that I have heard the bugle of psychiatry in the call to arms against a way of life that threatens to "govern or regulate" some of the benighted fellows who have been tough enough to survive in the catch-as-catch-can existence of competitive life.

I dare say if Dr. Burlingame could have some younger, less comfortably placed colleague "do him," he would find that with comfort, assured position and old age he has developed a case of hardening of the social arteries. His cry, for all that he bugles lusty notes of science, is the cry of every man with an already established stake in things as they used to be and as they only tenuously continue to be. Naughty, naughty . . . not to realize that he was using his scientific techniques to whet his own axe.

HIMMEL EFFERSICK

New York.

THE ORIGIN OF "JOOK"

SIR: More than a slight miscarriage of spelling and etymology is Barry Ulanov's version of the word "jook" in his article in the October MERCURY. Not only does he spell the word "juke," but he applies it to what is properly a "jook-organ."

To the deep, deep South and particularly Florida, though the state is not inordinately proud of it, belong the origin and development in usage of the word "jook." Debating whether the spelling should be "juke" or "jook," Florida newspapermen long ago established the latter because its origin is clearer. The word is traceable back to the turpentine camps. Some old turpentine men say the jook-house was merely a bare building where the Negro laborers could frolic. Others maintain that liquor and women were kept there for the hands. After the decline of the turpentine camps, Negro barrooms and dance halls were still termed "jooks." Being a natural, the word finally crept into white slang, where it supplanted "honky-tonk," "road-house" and other names.

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According to a Florida statute a "jook" is "a place where dancing is engaged in or entertainment such as variety programs or exhibitions is provided." Said Chief Justice Terrell of the Florida Supreme Court in the case of the State *ex rel.* N. Culbreath and John Glass: "We are not possessed of knowledge sufficient to pronounce the 'jook' *malum in se* as a class. There may be some supported by a discriminating patronage; but judged by the record they have made in this court, they are not retreats that moralists dare to frequent; indeed, they are rather the arch incubators of vice, immorality and low impulses. Nothing in modern economy has so clarified our concept of hell's half acre."

It would seem that the Florida Statutes, the Florida Supreme Court and the Florida press would be authority enough to support the correct spelling "jook," but a check of the late Courtney Ryley Cooper's book, *Designs in Scarlet*, will clinch the point.

SHERWOOD STOKES

Gainsville,
Florida.

THE WAY OF THE OSTRICH

SIR: In my personal correspondence I find a letter which may interest MERCURY readers. It is from London, dated September 30, 1938 — eleven months before the outbreak of war — and indicates the mentality which landed so many democracies on the ash-heap. A batch of my political cartoons, strongly anti-Nazi, were sent to a London agency, Literary Features, Ltd., for possible placement in England. The answer from the agency, signed by C. C. W. Turner, Director, said in part:

> "We all think Corsair is an artist of outstanding ability and a man with a mission. But after an analysis of the mind of the British public as it exists today, we cannot visualize his cartoons' finding a well-paid market in this country. Brilliantly executed, they are American in conception, in no way interpreting our viewpoint. We are at peace with the world — we bear no ill feeling to anyone — we want to be left alone to live our own life. . . . I doubt whether we were ever sympathetic with the Jewish viewpoint. We felt badly about the way they were treated in Germany, but not badly enough to lose a night's sleep."

Mr. Turner and the Englishmen of whom he is typical are losing lots of nights' sleep at present, in air-raid shelters. Maybe they could have spared themselves the trouble if they had sacrificed a night's sleep in due time worrying about horrors visited on other people.

CORSAIR

New York.

HITLER'S YOUTH SONG

SIR: In your article on "Hitler's Blueprint for a Slave World" in the August issue of the MERCURY a passage from the Hitler "Youth Song" is quoted:

> Heute gehört uns Deutschland,
> Morgen die ganze Welt.

In the September 2 number of *Facts in Review*, issued by the German Library of Information, is a paragraph headed "Misquoting Hitler" (Mr. Schickelgruber!) and a statement that the Hitler "Youth Song" runs, "Heute da hört" — *today there listens.* Of course I don't believe a word any German says, but how can the truth about such a present-day discrepancy be proved? Was it Treitschke who said Frederick the Great never allowed his right of free self-determination to be hampered by any previous promises? Maybe the Washington cherry-tree story isn't historic, but it expressed an ideal at any rate!

MARIA BALDWIN

Millersville,
Maryland.

SIR: I am enclosing my reply to Miss Baldwin's letter, which you referred to me:

"As I suggested the quotation used in the article you mention the author has asked me to reply to your query. Here are the facts: the song as written and published in Germany

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reads, translated: 'Today Germany hears us, tomorrow the whole world.' However, by the simple addition of the syllable *ge-* the word *hört* (hears) becomes *gehört* (owns). Several observers have heard the song sung by German youth groups and they report that invariably the word *gehört* is used.

"My own source is the News Research Service of Los Angeles, California, checked against a statement made to me by a prominent German national. The German Library of Information, the official Nazi propaganda group in this country, has recently stated in its publication *Facts in Review* that the quotation as used by Mr. Lyons and other writers does not appear in the *published* version of the song in Germany. They are right — it does not appear in the Nazi *printed* version. But I do not know of any official spokesman who will deny that the song as sung in Germany contains the lines as quoted in Mr. Lyons' article.

"I have seen the American song, 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here,' in its published version, read (second line):

> What the deuce do we care, what the deuce do we care?

I am afraid, though, that in my experience I have never heard it sung except:

> Hail, hail the gang's all here,
> What the hell do we care, what the hell do we care?

The analogy can be applied."

S. L. SOLON

New York.

SEX LIFE OF THE CAT

SIR: An article by Alan Devoe, "Our Enemy the Cat," appeared in the MERCURY about two years ago. I am now replying to that agglomeration of exaggerated emotion and misstatement because about the time the article appeared an alley cat came into my basement to live. I fed her and after two months managed to tame her enough so that I could pet her. Since that time that cat has raised nineteen kittens and as I had their exclusive care I have had an unusual opportunity to study cat behavior.

Mr. Devoe evidently does not like cats. We cannot hold that against him but we do expect that a scientist will keep his feelings in the background and report facts without prejudice. In the first place Mr. Devoe connects the time of rut with the appearing of the skunk cabbage through the melting snows. This at best contains a mere modicum of truth. If a cat is adequately fed and housed the seasons will have nothing whatever to do with her reproductive habits. My cat had her first kittens on March 22, 1938; during the ensuing summer she was not feeling quite right and her next kittens did not come till February 4, 1939. But by then regular meals and comfortable housing had had their effect and she has not failed to bring forth a litter of kittens every four or five months.

Secondly he charges that a cat has her kittens in secret away from human view. That statement is positively untrue. My cat, notwithstanding she came in here wild, has had every litter of her kittens within three to five feet from the foot of the basement steps, which is the most traveled part of the basement; and that in spite of the fact that myself and several of my tenants were constantly handling her kittens.

Lastly he speaks of the cat meeting her mate secretly and in the tense moment tearing at the throat of the male with her teeth. Mr. Devoe, just consider this situation: the male is holding her firmly by a tuft of hair over her shoulders. She has not a ghost of a chance of attacking his throat unless she can scare him into releasing his hold; but if he releases his hold she is free and that is all she wants. I am convinced from careful observation that either the process in the cat is painful or else she suffers some sort of nervous paroxysm that is unendurable. Thus she turns on the male threateningly in order to scare him away, but she does not attack him. . . . A cat or any other animal is not to be blamed for the peculiarities of its physical nature.

F. S. SWIFT

Chicago.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

HERBERT AGAR, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, won the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1933 with *The People's Choice;* he has just published *Beyond German Victory*, in collaboration with Helen Hill.

HELEN AUGUR, a former newspaper correspondent stationed in Italy and Russia, is the author of *An American Jezebel*, the story of Ann Hutchinson.

JEROME BEATTY is a free-lance writer whose articles are appearing in leading national magazines.

IRVING BURTON was until recently Harvard University correspondent for metropolitan newspapers.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, one of America's outstanding foreign correspondents, on the staff of the *Christian Science Monitor*, was stationed in Paris until a few days before the Nazis entered the city. He has written books on Bolshevism, Naziism and Japanese politics.

WHITFIELD COOK has frequently been in these pages with short stories and verse. He has been stage manager for several New York productions and is still interested in the theatre.

HELEN A. CRAIG lives in San Francisco.

CHARLES G. CRELLIN between verses has been doing publicity work for the Democrats in Detroit.

TOM GRISWOLD has worked as seaman, coal and salt miner, and welder. He admits that he has not been particularly successful at any of those jobs. He has ridden the rails with migratory workers.

STEWART H. HOLBROOK worked as a logger and thespian before turning to writing. He has spent the last six months running a forest-conservation drive for the State of Washington. His latest book is *Ethan Allen.*

HARLAND MANCHESTER was a newspaperman for sixteen years, then turned to free-lance writing. He lives in New York and is especially fond of juicy murder tales.

DEFOREST O'DELL, who comes of a Hoosier family, is a member of the English staff of Western Illinois State Teachers' College.

JOHN RICHMOND, formerly on the *Literary Digest* staff, has been doing a lot of magazine work. He wrote last month's portrait of Lucius Beebe.

ROBERT AURA SMITH, author of the recent *Our Future in Asia*, lived in the Philippines for seven years as correspondent of the New York *Times* and staff member of the Manila *Daily Bulletin.*

FRITZ STERNBERG is an economist specializing in military affairs; he is the author of *From Nazi Sources* and other military analyses.

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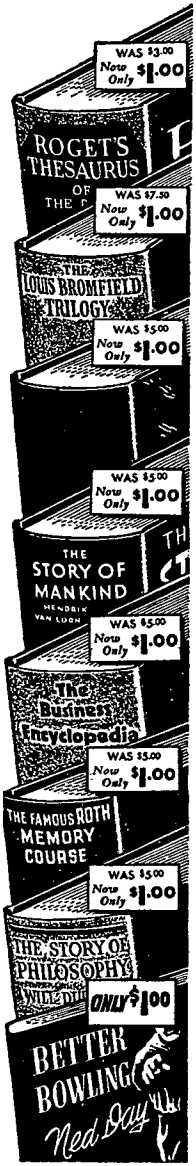

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Mozart — Bassoon Concerto in B Flat, K 191 (Victor Album M-704, $2.50). The work of the solo bassoon, Fernand Oubradous, is a marvel of purity in line and tone, compensating for the retarded pulse of the accompanying orchestra conducted by Eugene Bigot. Gratiating and elegant fluff, and so recommended.

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